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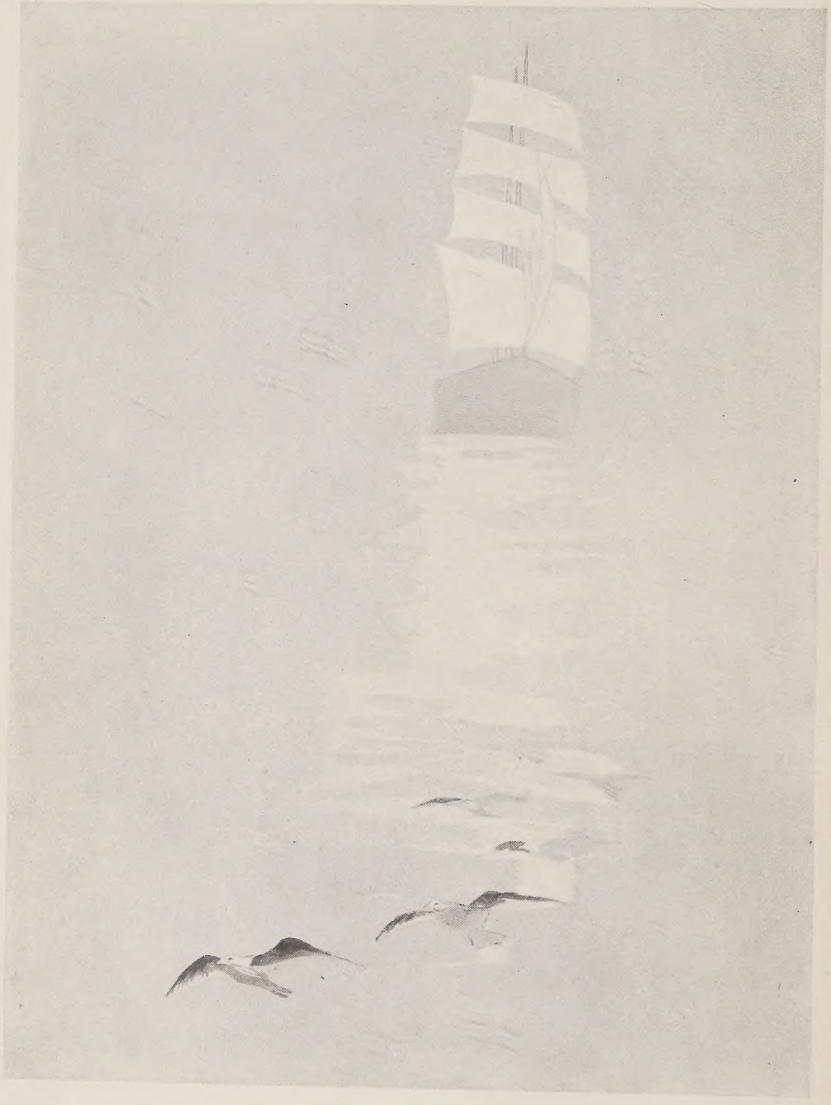

THE PHANTOM SHIP.

WANDER-SHIPS

FOLK-STORIES OF THE SEA

WITH

NOTES UPON THEIR ORIGIN

BY

WILBUR BASSETT

ENSIGN, U. S. N. R. F.

COVER DESIGN AND FRONTISPIECE
BY MARY BASSETT.

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Purple sails of the heroes lured to the westward,
Spread for the golden isles!
Sails of a magic foam with faery plunder,
Wafting the wizard gold!
Sails of the morning, come like ghosts on the sea-line,
With midnight load of the deep!
Sails of the sunset, red over endless waters,
For the furthest Orient filled!
Sails of the starlight, passing we know not whither,
Silent, lighted, and lone!
Sails of the seaman accursed, and cruising for ever
Hoist by a spectral crew!
Sails set afire by the lightning, resounding to tempest,
That drum and thunder and sing!
Sails that unruffled repose on a bosom of azure,
Glassed by a placid flood!
Alas! must ye go as a dream, and depart as a vision,
Sails of the olden sea?

STEPHEN PHILLIPS.

PREFACE.

PREFACE.

THE modern age of steel and steam, of short voyages in powerful ships, of wireless telegraphy, and electric lights, bids fair to rob the sea of its glamor. The picturesque sailor of old, "The sunburned son of the sea," already has followed pig-tail and cutlass into the storied past, and his place has been filled by the donkey engine and the roustabout. To-morrow, only the fisherman and coaster will remain to perpetuate the traditions of sailing days.

As the zoologist bemoans the intrusion of alien species into the isolation of some island life, so the folk-lorist regrets that the isolation of the professional sailor has been invaded and well-nigh destroyed by the incredulous landlubber. Crystalized in our common speech are many of the quaint technicalities of the sea, and all our literature is rich in images but half sensed by him who has not known the sea. In the twilight of sea legend the philologist and folk-lorist hasten to gather and to interpret the thoughts and sayings of the men who passed their lives upon the mysterious deep. There is no youth of the plains or mountains who has not thought of the sea as a realm of adventure, no lad of the coast who does not remember "the black wharves and the slips, and the sea tides tossing free," and owe his first sentiments of romance to "the beauty and mystery of the ships, and the magic of the sea."

Cooper, Marryat, Russell, Bullen, Conrad and Masefield, have written epics of the sea in deathless form, and

hosts of lesser singers have essayed to portray its endless moods, but it is to the sailor himself, unconscious of the literary impulse, that we must look for that interpretation of the sea which is the result, not of the mood of the moment, but of the traditional attitude of those who have been in life-long contact with the sea. The vast number of reported legends of uncanny ships may, perhaps, be reduced to the five classes represented by the five stories here presented, and we have selected for this reason, stories which are illustrative of these five classes, of reward ships, punishment ships, spectres, ships of the death voyage, and devil ships, because the story chosen in each instance appears to be a clear example of its own class, uncontaminated by elements belonging to the other classes, as is so frequently the case in folk stories. The stories are taken from the meager notes of collectors which have been expanded into literary form without sacrificing any of the elements of the original. While the notes are as full as a proper elucidation of the story demands, they have not in any sense been intended to attain the dignity of exhaustive monographs, but rather to suggest the collateral sources of information upon the legends, and to indicate the latent possibilities of investigation carried out along these lines.

For the idea of thus treating these related stories the writer is indebted to his father, the late Lieutenant Fletcher S. Bassett, U. S. N., who was a pioneer in this field.

Los Angeles, 1917.

THE GIANT SHIP.

THE GIANT SHIP.

SOMEWHERE in the Western Ocean in those tossing leagues of sea that lie to the eastward of the fishing grounds upon the Grand Banks of Newfoundland the stout bark Etoile de Saint Malo rolled sullenly in a dark sea and shook from her idle sails enfolding masses of fog. Her hold was full of the shining cod, her heavy trawl boats stowed and lashed for a voyage, and up and down her decks strode her aged master impatient of the walls of fog, and of the listless air that would not lift her sheets. She was an ancient little ship with the stately bow of a medieval frigate. Her long bowsprit cocked high into the air and about her quarters was the scroll work of a false gallery, as though she had once been the pet of some admiral of France. From a distance she was a fair sight for any sailor eye, but once alongside one saw that whatever noble past she may have had she was now a fisherman. Her frayed ratlines drew down cracked and withered deadeyes, and rusty stains smouldered on her greasy and battered planks. The staysail and spanker that swung listlessly with her roll were stained a dull red and the rest of her canvas was tattered and patched. An old-style anchor with wooden stock hung by ring and fluke from her rail, and its rusty chain clanked idly in her hawse. Two long days she had thus whistled for a breeze and clanged her doleful bell against the curtains of fog. Sailors in wooden

shoes, stout jerseys and round watch caps smoked by the forecastle hatch and pretended to keep a lookout. It was late summer and the keen flat smell of ice was in the air. Warm weather had broken the northern ice packs and their great masses were moving ponderously southward, their mailed fists masked in the velvet gauntlet of the mist.

Amidships a fresh foretopsail lay in stiff folds upon the deck and five sailors with palmthimbles and fids laboriously overhauled its leeches. Adrien Bort, the master, kept an eye upon them and an eye aloft for the first sign of a breeze.

Seven months the little ship had been away from the walled garden of St. Malo and the sweet waters of the Rance, and Adrien was impatient of the quiet sea, impatient of the drifting hull and idle sails. Never a close navigator he was now many days from his last observation and literally "at sea" as to his position. Fifty years he had followed the sea from cabin boy to master, but to-day he longed for the shore and burned with the petulance of inaction. It was bad enough, this fishing ground of the "New-worlders"; even when the sun shone, the ship lay hove to under try sails in bright sea, the trawl boats came merrily back with their silver treasures, and the tackles creaked to the glad chorus of the banks,

> "La v'la pourtant finie,
> La maudite campagne du banc,"

but this helpless floating on unknown currents with an idle wheel was insufferable. His memory went back to days in the roaring wilderness of the Horn, to glorious nights under royals in the vast Pacific, to the noisy docks of Amoy and the heat-browned banks of the Hoogli, and he shivered in the stark air of the north.

Toward evening there was a change in the flat sounds about the ship. From somewhere beyond the wall a long swell rolled toward the brig and heaved itself under her

quarters. Her yards swung drunkenly as she rolled away from it, and a thousand protesting voices awoke aloft. Men scrambled on deck from the forward hatch as Adrien Bart shouted, "It is finished; behold the fair wind!" The fog seemed to harden and to roll up from its base; lanes and shadings of light appeared in it; cloud shapes evolved themselves whose crests toppled and rolled forward and in a moment the fog was flying away to leeward before a fresh breeze. The spanker sheet was eased away, yards trimmed and the topsail mastheaded to the cry of

"Ali, Alo, pour maschero.
Il mange la viande et nous donne les os."

The bitter drudgery of the north was done and St. Malo lay ahead, the fog and ice, salt burns and gurry sores were forgotten and with gear coiled away and made snug for the night, smoke pouring from the galley stack and the master himself at the wheel the watch below went back joyfully to their forecastle as night set in. Worn packs of cards were brought out, an accordion dragged out of a sea chest and the dark little room resounded to the call of happy voices. Here was Jules Bourbier, one time man-of-war's man, who knew the songs of a hundred ports. Over there with the round red cap sat Alfonse the cook who could and would improvise a bass to support any song. Anatole of Dol it was who brought forth the accordion and no one had a better memory than he for the endless songs of the sailor saints of Brittany. No man of the throngs that journeyed to the Foire es Marins at Vieux Bourg, was better known. Jules urged him to sing the rowing song of St. Malo, another called for the beautiful "Er re goli," the Breton litany, but Anatole waved them aside and in a high voice sang

"We were three sailors of Groix
On board the Saint François."

All hands nodded their delight and joined loudly in the chorus:

"Embarqués sur le Saint François
Et du vin a tous les repas
Mon traderi, tra la la la."

In the after-cabin a sturdy lad of fifteen lit a swinging lamp and set out upon a small table a decanter of wine and some biscuit. The light showed a cozy cabin, a bunk neatly made up, a case of charts, three pictures of the saints. The boy set a plate-fiddle upon the table and made it fast and then went up the companionway to the deck. The wind had freshened, and the ship, rather deeply laden, tore heavily and noisily through the seas, shouldering the water from her lee bow and bobbing her head into the seas to her very eyes. The boy hurried aft to the wheel where the captain still stood, "Very well, grandfather, she hurries right back to St. Malo. I think we shall be out of the ice very soon." The old man shook his head. "We run too fast in the dark, little son. I am a happy man when I hand you back safely to your mother on the quai of St. Malo. The old ship makes too many groans to-night, and I feel the ice somewhere near." He threw his wheel up three spokes as a curling hurrying sea grasped at the weather rail, and steadied himself as the vessel heeled slowly before it. A snatch of song from the forecastle crept faintly aft as the ship's bow rose to the sea but was immediately lost in the clamor of her scuppers.

The captain swung his wheel down again and sent the lad forward to see if the lookout was at his post. Groping his way along the weather rail, past the dark bulks of the trawl boats, the lad found the lookout and was about to return when he heard the loud chorus from the forecastle, "*Mon traderi, tra la la la.*" Quietly he slipped down through the hatch into the circle of sailors below. The song

was ended and he joined in the applause for Anatole's singing.

"Sit down, little man," they cried. "Here's plenty of room. All the villagers will be here presently, and we shall dance and maybe have a play. There are no better times to be had on La Grande Chasse Foudre herself."

"What ship is that?" asked the boy. "Is she a new-worlder?"

"Ha, listen to the boy, the poor little farmer boy! You'll hear of that grand ship soon enough, but if you steal any more cakes from the cook you'll never get aboard her." A shout greeted the sally, and the lad covered with confusion edged away and ran up the ladder into the darkness of the forward deck. His eyes were blinded for the moment by the smoke and light of the forecastle and he felt his way carefully aft, groping along the rail.

He had taken but a step when a wild cry suddenly rent the air, "Bear away, bear away!" It was a cry of agony and fear from the lookout, and almost at the same moment and before the words had died away the rushing hull struck with shattering impact a great mass of submerged ice. The straining masts snapped short off and fell with a mighty roar upon the decks; planks ground and splintered, and the blasted hull groaning in dissolution slipped from the edge of its destroyer, and slowly and sullenly subsided into the icy waters. With the first shock the aged master and the boy were thrown against the lee rail stunned and bleeding. In a moment they scrambled to their feet and grasping each other in the darkness they jumped into a trawl boat and with their sharp knives cut away the lashings that held it to its chocks upon the deck. They threw themselves into the bottom of the boat and as the ship slipped softly down into the deep they were lifted clear of the deck and tossed and whirled about in the eddies above her grave. Numbed by the cold and shocked by the

suddenness of their disaster they lay quietly in the trawl boat.

Morning came slowly to the cold northern sea. A faint light crept into the sky and gradually illuminated the heavy walls of mist that hung about the boat. All night the old man and the boy had lain under the thin protection of a torn boat cover which had barely served to keep the spray and dripping fog from their aching bodies. With the first light the boy dragged himself painfully onto the thwart and looked about him eagerly for some promise of rescue. A small amount of water ran under the boat floor and this he carefully bailed out. For a long time he sat huddled in the stern waiting for the dawn that should enable him to see beyond the encircling curtains of morning mist. There were oars in the boat but no sail, and without provisions or fresh water he realized that the only hope to which he and the old man could look was that another ship might see them during the coming day. He was reluctant to disturb his grandfather and left him in his stupor of shock and cold until with the advancing morning the sheer loneliness and hopelessness of his position got the better of him and he shook the old man and aroused him from his sleep.

"Grandfather, what shall we do? I cannot see any of the others; we have no water; we have nothing to eat."

The old man opened his eyes heavily and stared at the boy without comprehension for a time, until all of the events of their terrible last moment aboard the brig reshaped themselves in his mind.

"Alas," he said at last, "she is gone—my good ship, and all my brave boys, and all my fine cod, and Saint Anne D'Ouray has forgotten me."

"Yes, grandfather, but some one will see us and we shall get back to St. Malo, but I wish we had something to eat."

The old man, with the help of the boy, tried to rise, but he fell back weakly and gasped out that his ribs were broken, and so he lay there staring into the misty sky—this old sailor, who, for half a century had laughed at the menace of these cold, gray seas.

The boat tossed sullenly within her dull circle of sea, and the boy, cold, hungry and dispirited, sat by the side of the old man, and thought over the short years of his life. He recalled the little town of Miquelon where he was born, and the broad fields that now spread their golden stubble in the late summer sun. He saw again St. Malo with her ancient causeway and encompassing walls, and the bright roadstead where he had first seen the brig Etoile lying proudly at anchor. He lived over again the day with the village boys when they had stolen oranges from the open market, and the proud morning when he had first donned sailor's cap and blouse and gone with his grandfather as part of the crew of the lost brig.

Small fry of the sea flashed out of the water alongside and dashed away before an unseen pursuer. Bright sea cucumbers, the "punkins" of the Banks, floated idly by, and the day wore on, bringing nearer another night of cold, hunger and thirst with its possibilities even of rain or wind.

The old man's face was sunken and purple, and the youth found it more and more difficult to arouse him or hold his attention. The loneliness of his position and the thought that if the old man again fell into a deep sleep he might never awake, filled the boy with terror, and he strove by every means to keep him awake and to have the comfort of his voice.

"Last night," said the boy, "I was in the fo'castle and the lads were singing, and they said how happy it was and they said it was like La Grande Chasse Foudre. What ship is that, grandfather? Did she come from St. Malo?"

Day was fast going, and the chill of night creeping

in from measureless ice-packs of the north fastened upon the sluggish frame of the old sailor with a grip of steel, as he lay upon the tossing floor, with his sea dimmed eyes staring up into the unfriendly sky of the north. He laid a massive hand upon the boy's knee.

"Fifty years, little son, I have followed the sea, from Labrador to the Horn, and from Sydney to Amoy. In the little church at St. Malo hang many of my gifts, and I have never forgotten my duty to the church and to the saints. Now I am old and at last I am through with night watches and salt meat, with gurry-sores and chilblains. To-morrow the fog will clear, we'll have a brave breeze, and then you shall see La Grande Chasse Foudre, and her captain will send a boat and I will go aboard her.

"Aye, that's a fine ship, and I shall have all my good boys with me again, and meat every meal—the fine fat mutton that they keep on board, and never any beans any more, and Burgundy for breakfast, for dinner Madeira, and a glass or so of rum at night. She is a famous ship, lad, a big ship and plenty of room for a man to swing his hammock, for, of course, I shall be a sailor aboard, probably a maintop-man."

"Well, tell me, grandfather, how large is this ship and how fast can she sail?"

"Yes, you may well ask how large she is, but I cannot tell you, for no one knows how many thousand leagues long she is and everything about her is in the same proportion. Why, I have heard it said that her masts are so tall that if you, a mere boy, should start to her maintop to carry soup to the topman you would be a gray old man like me before you reached her futtock-shrouds.

"I don't say though that she is a fast sailor. You don't have to run to her head-sheets when she goes about. She sails no faster than a buoy, but then she doesn't go about very often, and when she does it takes her a hundred years

to go from full to full. The men take plenty of time for everything and indeed, my boy, it takes plenty of time. They say it takes two hundred years to raise her anchor."

Thus the old sailor, rising above the terror of the moment, beat down his fears with the vision of faith, and the lad, great-eyed and eager, caught from the words of this ancient oracle of the sea a vision of hope and salvation which stilled the pains of hunger and thirst, and shut out the spectre of the cold and menacing sea. In a corner of the boat-cover myriad beads of moisture had merged into a tiny pool and this the boy deftly emptied into his hand and poured it between the old sailor's lips. After a moment he went on:

"There is plenty of room for every one, lad, and she is a brave ship with plenty of arms aboard. There is space for an army to exercise with guns upon her main truck. Her mizzen royal is a nice little sail for a man to handle. It is larger than all Europe.

"I believe I shall know the captain when we see him. He is a great, large, fine man, and he is very old, so old that no one knows any one older, and, of course, he is a big man to hold that berth. He has a long white moustache, thick enough to make a cable for an eighty-gun ship, but that would not make the signal halliard for the Chasse Foudre, her signal halliards are as large as the great tower of Toulon, so you can well imagine the size of her cable. Perhaps you would like to be the boy aboard and have a silver pipe? Well, I can tell you, the pipes of her boys are as great as frigates!

"Plenty of good times aboard! Why, there is an inn in every block and plenty of country to hunt and fish and ride about in her tops, and you don't have to do any rigging for her. She was built by one man at the commencement of the world, and it took twenty-five years to build her and quite as long to rig her."

It was late afternoon by this time, and far off on the horizon to the westward the boy's eyes caught a gathering of dark clouds brooding over a squall of rain.

"There's a rainbow, grandfather, isn't it a good sign?"

The old man seemed lost in his own thoughts. His eyes were shining and seemed to look through the sky into which he peered and to see there some vision of ineffable happiness. The plucky lad knelt down at his side and slowly raised the master so that his eyes looked out over the edge of the gunwale toward the western sky.

"See there," cried the boy, "there is my rainbow." The light brightened again in the old sailor's eyes.

"That's no rainbow, lad; that must be the pennant of La Grande Chasse Foudre. All those colors that you see are the emblems of all the nations for she is the ship of every country. She comes slowly, boy, but she will be here in the morning.

"When the master sees us he will blow his whistle and call away a boat. That is the sound you hear in the blocks when the wind blows like the devil. Then you will hear the officer of the watch call for the boat's crew with his trumpet and that is what you country boys call the thunder; and the tides, you think the moon attracts them, but that is only the captain entering the quarter-galleries, and the ebb, *bien*! that is the men pumping water to wash the decks in the morning."

The old man sank back and closed his eyes, with the smile of assured peace.

"I shall see there again all of my good and brave boys and we shall sail forever, for there is no dying aboard the Chasse Foudre."

The boy, straining his eyes to windward, saw a faint blackness on the horizon, which, as he watched, grew to a smudge of smoke. Struggling to his feet he stood shading his eyes in the fading light, seeing the faint blur

lengthen and darken until it was unmistakably the breath of some high-powered ship. In a frenzy of glad excitement he strove in vain to arouse the old sailor, who had sunk again into a deep sleep. Hurriedly he tore the back from his blouse and lashed it to the blade of a long oar which he held aloft in the light breeze.

Slowly but surely a dark line appeared below the streamer of smoke and his heart raced with the hope that the approaching vessel would see his ragged signal before night set in. Like some pasteboard ship upon a painted drop she moved nearer and nearer until presently, in the dim light of the evening, she seemed gradually to expand. Brass rails and white cabin walls suddenly appeared and as the boy waved his tattered pennant to and fro he saw the long ship's side gradually swing away and the great bow, crowned with its lines of stacks, stood toward him.

He shouted wildly, "Grandfather, grandfather, she sees us! She is coming!"

But the old man gave him no sign. He dropped his oar as the great ship slowly approached him to windward and a boat dropped noisily into the water. The tense hours of fasting and of fear were over, and the exhausted youth dropped his head upon the gunwale of the boat and sobbed in thankfulness and exhaustion. Strong arms lifted him up and gave him water and brandy, and he looked once more into the face of the living.

He turned to the old man, still lying upon the boat cover on the floor, and saw him there in the arms of a young ship's surgeon, in whose face he read the message that the old sailor had at last heard the call of the master of La Grande Chasse Foudre, and had gone to take his place with all those good and happy sailor mates of his past in the crew of the great ship which would sail forever more.

NOTES ON GIANT SHIPS.

The eye of the imagination sees a world in which there are no fixed dimensions. The hero who has saved us from death becomes as we tell of him a giant of strength and prowess. The fish which we see just eluding our hook appears to be a vast and beautiful creature of untold weight and of strength sufficient to sink our boat. It is natural then that folk literature, engraved upon the very wax of fancy, should bear the distinguishing mark of this wonder spirit which ever seeks to give dimension to its objects. Giants and monsters lurk in the silence of the primeval forests, and to primitive man warring with the material world, size is the constant factor of dread and wonder. It is one of the conventions of folk-narration. Small wonder that the legendary lore of the sea should contain many stories of vast ships. Our story of the giant ship is based upon a sailor's account reported by Jal in his *Scènes de la vie maritime* (1832) II, p. 89. The Christian Testament brings the best known of these ancient legends is the story of the ark. We read that the earth was filled with violence and wrongdoing and God being angered with men said to Noah (Gen. vii):

"Come thou and all thy house into the ark; for thee have I seen righteous before me in this generation....

"And Noah was six hundred years old when the flood of waters was upon the earth. And Noah went in, and his sons, and his wife, and his sons' wives with him, into the ark, because of the waters of the flood. Of clean beasts, and of beasts that are not clean, and of birds, and of everything that creepeth upon the ground, there went in two and two unto Noah into the ark, male and female, as God commanded Noah. And it came to pass after the seven days, that the waters of the flood were upon the earth. In the six hundredth year of Noah's life, in the second month, on the seventeenth day of the month, on the same day were all the fountains of the great deep broken up, and the windows of heaven were opened. And the rain was upon the earth forty days and forty nights....And the waters prevailed, and increased greatly upon the earth; and the ark went upon the face of the waters. And the waters prevailed exceedingly upon the earth; and all the high mountains that were under the whole heaven were covered. Fifteen cubits upward did the waters prevail; and the mountains were

covered. And all flesh died that moved upon the earth, both birds, and cattle, and beasts, and every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth, and every man: all in whose nostrils was the breath of the spirit of life, of all that was on the dry land, died. And every living thing was destroyed that was upon the face of the ground, both man and cattle, creeping things, and birds of the heavens; and they were destroyed from the earth; and Noah only was left, and they that were with him in the ark. And the waters prevailed upon the earth a hundred and fifty days.

"And God remembered Noah, and all the beasts, and all the cattle that were with him in the ark: and God made a wind to pass over the earth, and the water assuaged; the fountains also of the deep and the windows of heaven were stopped, and the rain from heaven was restrained; and the waters returned from off the earth continually: and after the end of a hundred and fifty days the waters decreased. And the ark rested in the seventh month, upon the mountains of Ararat."

This great craft was 525 feet in length, 87.6 broad and 52.6 high, which brings it easily within the realm of modern ship-building possibilities. The deluge myth itself is of almost universal dispersion but beyond certain fugitive Tlinket and Peruvian stories, which are plainly adaptations of the Hebrew legend, we find no stories of giant arks far from the shores of the Mediterranean, and the dimensions of the biblical ark are so reasonable and definite that she may almost be omitted from the list of giant ships of legend. Any inquiry into the significance of deluge myths would be a digression, but we note in passing that interesting prototype of the Ark described in the Gilgamesh narrative, or Babylonian Nimrod epic. This narrative was inscribed upon twelve tablets and the existing copy was once part of the library of King Ashur-banipal (668-626 B. C.). The eleventh tablet describes the deluge ship built by Kidin-Marduk.

"In its middle part its sides were ten gar high;
Ten gar also was the extent of its deck;
I added a front-roof to it and closed it in.
I built it in six stories,
Thus making seven floors in all;
The interior of each I divided again into nine partitions.
Beaks for water within I cut out.
I selected a pole and added all that was necessary."

In Marco Polo's day the ark was resting upon a mountain in Armenia, whereas to-day it is asserted that it has been found petrified on the Porcupine river near Rampart, Alaska, by the Yukon River Indians. In North America also we find the remains of a great canoe guarded by a giant, resting upon an island in upper Lake St. John. (*Jesuit Relations,* LXVIII, p. 45.) The ark was, as its name implies, a place of refuge, and as it is the saviour of the human race, it is the antithesis of the Flying Dutchman and other punishment ships. Noah is the chosen of God, Vanderdecken the accursed, the Ark the symbol of the covenant, the Dutchman the messenger of death.

Another reward ship is the Merry Dun of Dover, a veritable sailors' heaven. She is much the same ship as that known in France as "La Grande Chasse Foudre," and her prototype is the old Frisian Manningfual. This great ship was worldwide, and perhaps in the early forms of the story was in reality an allegorical picture of the world. Youths going into her lofty rigging returned old men, and so great were the distances aloft that inns and dining halls were located in all her blocks. Passing north through the straits of Dover, she found scant passageway and her captain soaped her sides and so she managed to scrape through, leaving the white cliffs of "Albion" as a reminder. (Thorpe, *Northern Mythology,* III, p. 28.) Later she found the Baltic Sea too narrow and had to be lightened to get through. The island of Bornholm is the metal ballast she then cast overboard, and Christianco was formed by her ashes and rubbish. (Muellenhoff, *Sagen, Märchen und Lieder,* p. 235.) It is said that once when she was tacking in the Channel her headbooms swept away a regiment of soldiers drilling at Dover, while, at the same time her spankerboom projected over the Calais forts. This story, however, depicts a ship of definite proportions, whereas the Chasse Foudre, as described by French sailors, is of such intangible size that she takes one hundred years to tack.

A great ship that once sailed the northern seas was the Benevender, which was built in Russia half a thousand years ago. She tried to ram the giant Kraken which crossed her course, sprung a leak, and sank. The heads of her masts are the *Teufelsfelsen* upon which many ships are wrecked every year. (Werner, *Buch von der deutschen Flotte,* p. 344.)

The giant ship of Swedish story is the Refanu; she is so vast that it is a three weeks' journey from poop to prow, and her orders are transmitted on horseback. Each of her tops is as great

as a kingdom, and like the Chasse Foudre she has an inn in every block. (E. Wigstrom in *Germania,* XXXIII, p. 109.) She is a nautical heaven. A Dutch brig once sailed into her hawsehole and was tossed for three days by the waves in her soup coppers until they were skimmed one day and the brig cast into the sea with the scum of the soup. Bean Island was formed by one day's skimmings, and Oeland and Gotland from jettisoned cargo of the Refanu.

Gargantua, the fabled son of Grangousier, built a great boat for whose timbers he felled a whole forest. (Sebillot, *Gargantua dans les traditions populaires,* p. 18, 1883.) She measured more than ten thousand tons and took seven years to tack.

An Irish story, which has often been said to be modern but which I think quite the contrary, is of the "Roth Ramhach," a great ship, which at the end of the world will go equally well over land and sea. She has a thousand beds, each of which will hold a thousand men. (O'Curry, *Manuscript Material of Ancient Irish History,* p. 401; *Melusine,* II, 161.) The name means literally "wheel with oars," and has been translated "paddlewheel." We remember that the first automobiles were not designed as self-driven vehicles, but were modifications of the old carriage or drawn vehicle with an engine added. In the same way we find the first attempts to apply steam to the propulsion of vessels were not centered upon the construction of new vessels for this new power, but sought to reconstruct the old type of vessels driven by sails or oars, with the substitution of steam as the mechanical equivalent for man-power. We are not surprised, therefore, to find that the first steam-propelled vessels used sweeps or paddles attached to a wheel, the *roue à aubes* or paddlewheel.

But the legend goes on to describe the Roth Ramhach as a sailing ship and says that her sails will not be furled until she grounds near the promontory of Cnamchoill. Remembering the source and diffusion of Eddaic stories we cannot avoid seeing the striking similarity to the ship of Balder. His ship Hringhorni is the disk of the sun, whose sails will not be furled till Ragnarök, and we know that the sun was not only figured as a ship but as a wheel among many Aryan peoples. In the festivals of St. John's fires, which in most European countries are the direct descendant of the mourning over "Balder's bale," the rolling of wheels and burning brands is emblematic of the burning ship Hringhorni, the disk of the sun passing over its highest arc. "Wheel with oars" then

is an apt description of that majestic orb which appeared to our ancestors as at once a wheel and a ship.

An interesting parallel to our story is that of La Patte Luzerne collected by Senequier in the province of Var and reported in *La Revue des traditions populaires* (XII, 390). According to this story La Patte Luzerne used to haunt the coast of Provence and was so large that when she left Toulon her stern had scarcely left the roads when her bowsprit was already passing the Straits of Gibraltar. Aboard her are fields of wheat, vines, fruit trees of every kind, and vegetables, all these in sufficient quantity to be able to nourish her crew during many a century. The fields are tilled by oxen which are also used for meats, and there are game-birds and animals.

The masts are so high that the cabin boys who go aloft to the tops come down the other side gray-bearded old men. Each block contains an inn, a brasserie, or a café. There are even other places of amusement so that the sailors shall not be too much tired of their long journey.

During the siege of Rhodes, in which the vessel assisted, the crew fought twenty-four years upon the forward deck, but aft they did not know of the battle and were dancing all the time.

The origin of the name Pape Lucerne or Patte Luzerne is not clear, though an extended inquiry into the folktales of these coasts might make it so. During the Middle Ages the church was often figured as a ship riding triumphant over the waves of the world in spite of the storms of disbelief and heresy. Perhaps this is the vast ship of the pope, with its promise of comfort and ease for good sailors, until the end of time.

A ship whose name recalls the Patte Luzerne is known in Italian popular story. She is called the "Nave di Pape Lucerna" and is said to date back to the days of Imperial Rome, and to be propelled by great sweeps in the hands of galley rowers. She is great enough to fill the whole sea from Capri to Capo di Minerva, and is often seen off Capri at night. (Gandage, *Opera,* VII, 69, 1834.) I am inclined to associate this story with the fabled galley of Ptolemy Philopater (224-204 B.C.), which was said to have forty ranks of oars.

An obscure Rhodian scribe named Callixenus left a description of this great ship, which was transcribed by Plutarch and Athenaeus, and perhaps by Pliny. It was said to be 280 cubits long, to have about four cubits draught and an elevation of bow and stern of

48 and 53 cubits respectively. The longest oars were of 38 cubits, which was also the extreme beam. The oars were said to be weighted inboard to balance the outboard length.

Athenaeus says there were several ships of thirteen banks and less, and that Ptolemy Philadelphos had one of twenty and two of thirty banks. Recent excavation of the temple of Aphrodite at Paphos in Cyprus has brought to light a dedication by Ptolemy to the architect of the thirty-banked ship. (See *Journal of Hellenic Studies,* IX, 255; Torr, *Ancient Ships*; Graser, *De veterum re navale.*)

Other accounts say the great ship of Ptolemy Philopater had four thousand rowers and 2850 fighting men, and four rudders each 45 feet long, and a double prow. The descriptions show that this was a great river barge rather than a sea-going ship, and the mention by Diodorus of a sacred barge 280 cubits long prompts the idea that this was the real basis of Callixenus' story. The weighted oars are steering oars which were commonly weighted inboard. Such a barge was usually without oars but perhaps this had oars arranged in forty groups, whence the story of the forty banks. At all events we are not ready to believe that any forty-banked ship was practicable. Where history magnifies and exaggerates we may expect to find popular tradition idealizing, and perhaps the galley of Ptolemy described by an unknown historian of Rhodes lingers on in folk memory as the giant ship of the Mediterranean which took part in the siege of Rhodes. Accounts of Egyptian and Phoenician ships illuminate our story and recall the proud rivalry for the carrying trade of the Mediterranean. Cargoes of corn and grain are spoken of which we believe to be fabulous, as the size and carrying capacity of the ships of the day was very limited by reason of their mode of construction. It is scarcely to be believed that a ship bound together with wooden cleats and strengthened against strains by circumscribing cables would carry thousands of tons of cargo. Though we look upon the giant ships as in the main allegorical, there may be a discernible background of those contemporary stories which the boastful war captains and merchant kings of Phœnicia and the East related in the trading ports of the great sea.

Suetonius in his *Lives of the Cæsars* says of Caligula (12-41 A. D.); "He built two ships with two banks of oars after the Liburnian fashion, the poops of which blazed with jewels and the sails were of various parti colors; they were fitted up with

ample baths, galleries and saloons and supplied with a great variety of vines and fruit trees. In these he would sail in the day along the coast of Campania, feasting amid dancing and concerts of music."

Two galleys of Caligula's time found in the Lake of Nemi near Rome are fitted with fountains and paved with tiles. They were 200 feet long and 90 feet in beam with bronze fittings and copper sheathing. They were found near the villa of Domitian and presumably therefore were in use up to 81 to 96 A. D. Certain tiles bear the name of Marcius, a Roman brickmaker of that period.

A giant ship which is both spectre and soul-bearer is known on the channel coast of France. It was formerly believed in the neighborhood of Morlaix in Finisterre that lost ships returned to haunt the coast with their ghostly crews of the drowned and that they often ran aboard vessels off the cape. These ships are said to have expanded so extraordinarily that a tiny coaster appears after a few years to be as great as a *porte geolette*. An old sailor tells that he was one of the crew of a brig which was wrecked and of which he was the lone survivor, having been cast miraculously upon the shore. Afterward in distant seas he met her many times and each time she was larger than ever before. "When I see her again," he adds, "she will be a three decker, and instead of dying in my bed, I shall sail forever."

It is believed in that province that foundered ships grow from year to year at the bottom of the sea. (Felix Frank, *La danse des fous,* Paris, 1885, p. 215.) There is no apparent connection between these expanding ships and the magic ships of the Skidbaldnir type, whose ability to hold all the gods or retire into a vest pocket is merely an incident of the omnipotence of the possessor and a proof of his magic powers. Quite different is the Norse ship Naglfar which on the day of world conflicts will be loosed from the island Lyngvi where in chains Loki awaits Ragnarök. Then with Loki as pilot and bearing Fenrer the wolf as a host of souls, this great ship will go out to meet the gods in battle. These must be devils or souls of the damned as they are led by Loki and Fenrer. Naglfar is built of the nails of the neglected dead. The Eddas as well as modern Icelandic folklore show that this great ship is allegorical of the cumulative force of that sort of physical evil which primitive man sees in the neglect of the rites of the dead. (Arnason, *Icelandic Legends.*) With this ship goes the great ship of the

frost giants steered by Hrimnir. This ship is confused with Naglfar in the younger Edda.

Another giant ship of Teutonic mythology is Skidbaldnir which was smithied for Frey by the elf sons of Ivalde. This ship was great enough to contain all the gods and their war equipment. She always has a fair wind. When not in use she can by magic be reduced to such form that she may easily be held in one's pocket. A giant ship from the channel is thus reported by Sauvé in the French folklore journal *Melusine* (Sep. 1884):

"In many localities in Lower Brittany, stories are current of a huge ship manned by giant human forms and dogs. The men are reprobates guilty of horrible crimes; the dogs, demons set to guard them, and inflict on them a thousand tortures. These condemned vessels wander ceaselessly from sea to sea, without entering port or casting anchor, and will do so to the end of the world. No vessel should allow them to fall aboard, for its crew would suddenly disappear. The orders, in this strange craft, are given through huge conch-shells, and, the noise being heard several miles, it is easy to avoid her. Besides, there is nothing to fear if the Ave Maria is repeated, and the saints appealed to, especially St. Anne d'Auray."

Greater than all the ships of Norse legend, however, is Hringhorni, which served for the "burning voyage" of Balder. She is the disk of the sun, the vessel of Balder the sun-god, and his death voyage is the sunset when the hull of Hringhorni sinks into the mysterious western ocean. Another Norse sky ship is the ship of Nokve the moon-god. It is called by Grimnersmal Sokvabek, that is the setting or sinking ship. In it as in the moonship of the Rig Veda the liquid of inspiration, the life and strength-giving mead of the sagas and soma of the Vedas, was concealed.

Having thus compared the various legendary giant ships we are in a position to inquire into the meaning and origin of this type of story. The student of fairy tales may say at once that size is the fixed attribute of the legendary world and that it signifies power and magic and is to be explained psychologically by its relation to finite human mental and physical vision, and by the natural love of the folk-story teller for superlatives. But is this true in this case? The legends of the deluge ship are everywhere strikingly definite and the Christian legend is the only one in which we find a ship of great size though hardly to be considered one of the giant ships of story. Non-Christian deluge myths usually describe the ark

of refuge as a raft (Mueller, *Amerikanische Urreligion,* p. 515, Teocepactli), a canoe (Schoolcraft, *Algic Researches,* p. 358. Cherokee), a ball of resin (Bancroft, *Native Races,* III, 79, Pima), or simply as a big boat. Moreover, we find that these deluge boats were not magic, sentient, or self-impelled, and except in the legend from the *Jesuit Relations* referred to, we find no giants or guardian spirits. We may, therefore, consider the deluge ship as out of the category of giant ships, the Christian ark being a great ship whose size was suited to her uses.

Passing from the arks to the Merry Dun, Chasse Foudre, Manningfual, Refanu, Roth Ramhach and Pape Lucerne, we find here what may be considered the true type of our story. These great ships are so strikingly similar in general attributes that the task of comparison is a light one. They are all intangibly vast in hull and rigging, all as comfortable as royal yachts. Sounds of revelry come from deck, yardarm and top by day and night and there is always a fair wind and plenty to eat. For the interpretation of the legend we must look into the sailor mind. We find that all the crew of these giant ships are happy and contented men with every sailor comfort. They are then sailor pictures of life at sea under the most favorable conditions. The great ship has nothing to fear from the storms which keep the short-handed coaster in terror. The "beneventus" is always abaft her beam and her canvas is never furled. The broils of the forecastle never reach her quarterdeck, and scurvy never vanquishes her truck'patch. She is a ship so large that she has nothing to fear from the sea and so well appointed that even Jack can find nothing to grumble about. In fine, she is just such a ship as a sailor would wish to live aboard. She is at once at sea and ashore. She is the idealization of life at sea. The ethical test for her crew serves still more strongly to mark her as a creature of fancy and at the same time to afford a clear contrast to the punishment ships and devil ships of the Flying Dutchman type.

The sailor's dream of a life after death unbroken by labor or tempest is voiced by Masefield in his "Port of Many Ships":

> "It's a sunny pleasant anchorage, is Kingdom Come,
> Where crews is always layin' aft for double-tots o' rum,
> 'N' there's dancin' 'n' fiddlin' of ev'ry kind o' sort,
> It's a fine place for sailor-men is that there port.
> 'N' I wish—
> I wish as I was there.

"The winds is never nothin' more than jest light airs,
'N' no-one gets belayin'-pinned, 'n' no-one never swears,
Yer free to loaf an' laze around, yer pipe atween yer lips,
Lollin' on the fo'c's'le, sonny, lookin' at the ships.
'N' I wish—
I wish as I was there."

Returning to the question as to whether the size of these legendary ships is to be likened to the giant castles, giant horses and the like of fairy story, we must answer that it is not. It would seem that it is no way comparable, as their size is in no degree in keeping with their men. They have no giants aboard, no magicians, and none of the other people of the giant world, but just plain sailormen. Their size is such an essential part of their nature that it is scarcely incongruous as folk stories run.

The same cannot be said, however, of the terrible craft described in Lower Brittany, which is a demon ship whose vast form adds an element of terror and whose giant crew and ravening dogs constitute a terrible picture. This ship like Naglfar is one of the soul bearers, a floating hell, the antithesis of the Merry Dun and La Grande Chasse Foudre.

Hringhorni and the ship of Gargantua are giant ships for giant captains and both are allegorical, the one of the sun, the other of the vast resources of princes. Similar to these is the ship of Hrimnir, king of the frost giants, which at Ragnarök will bear all the frost giants to battle.

As to Skidbaldnir, the ship of Frey, it seems probable that this great expanding and contracting self-impelled ship is a vegetation symbol. It was made by the wonderful primeval artists, the elf sons of Ivalde, as a present for Frey and a proof of their powers, and at once suggests the living chariot or chariot ship made by the Vedic artists, the mythic Ribhus, for the Asvin.

To-day in the age of world commerce we cease to wonder at giant ships. We read without comment of the launch of a seven-masted steel schooner, as mighty as the ships of the gods. We cross the Atlantic or Pacific in vast floating hotels which are kingdoms in themselves, and a hard-fisted skipper of Salem in a ship of his own building follows alone the path of Balder into the vast watery wastes of the lower world. For fisherman and coaster the giant ship of the steam age has all the terrors of its predecessors. For the deep-sea sailor the giant ship of the stories has come, with all its heaven of donkey engines, iceplants and fresh vegetables. Truth is indeed stranger than fiction.

DAHUL.

DAHUL.

AN autumn gale gathering its forces in the sombre depths of the Western Ocean winged its way toward the shores of Brittany. Before it in warning, myriad-footed, swept a torrential rain. Night was falling in Morlaix that sits with her ancient feet in the sea, and in the twilight the heavy drops that beat upon her roofs and poured in torrents down her cobbled streets shone with the dull brilliancy of metal. Upon a side street near the fish market a small house with high peaked roof, and gabled windows heavily thatched, challenged the torrents with an ancient sea lantern which swung sturdily and unwinking in the tumult as though to a lantern of its experience such a storm was a mere zephyr.

Three figures in oil skins, their aged backs bent against the wind, their sticks clattering noisily upon the cobbles, halted beneath the lantern and entered through the low door.

The firelight within and the rays of a swinging lamp flickered upon the smoked rafters of the little room and upon the deep-lined faces of a dozen quiet old men and a round-faced young fisherman. The smoke of their pipes swayed and drifted above their heads. At their backs little windows that peered from under their thatched brows upon the leaden channel shuddered and shook with the might of the wind and the impact of the rain, and the roar of the

sea upon the near sable thundered incessantly through the street.

As the door closed behind the three men one of the aged sailors arose and greeted them warmly. It was Pierre Latou, the master of the house, fisherman and pensioner, village oracle and local historian, and when they had hung their dripping oil skins upon the hooks behind the door and drawn off their heavy sea boots, they joined the circle by the fire. The room with its occupants, its raftered roof and swinging lamp, seemed like the cabin of some sea wanderer, lashed by the fury of a gale, and these old men with the life-long endurance of seamen in their eyes were as the watch below, relaxed for the hour but ready to spring to the call of brothers on deck. In the twilight of the dim floor before them sprawled a fishing net and each had drawn an edge into his lap and was busily seizing it to the tarred buoy-line, his face grave and intent upon the task.

In lulls of the gale they spoke of this one and that who was out upon the sea, fondly and confidently, with the brusque masculinity of sailors, fearless of the elements and confident in the staunchness of the vessel and the hardihood of her crew. The spirits of evil might toss their winds and waves about, but the saints would not forget devout sailors who had always done their duty toward the church. St. Anne d'Auray herself had risen out of a fog to help Pierre and at her shrine in the village church hung the silver boat he vowed to her for deliverance.

As the evening wore on the noise of the storm abated somewhat and the fire burned lower. Pipe smoke gathered so thickly in the air that the figures of the old sailors seemed like shadowy spirits wreathed in the ghostly clouds from their pipes. Even as their corporeal bodies faded into eerie smoke, and the tangible violence of the storm hushed away into mystic voices of sea and wind, so the

stories of these old men of the sea shifted insensibly from the solid ground of physical experience to the tenuous world of apparitions and of legend.

One told of the Grande Chasse Foudre with her thousand ports, a ship as vast as the world; another in an awed voice figured the corposant, the awful fires of St. Elmo; and so each calling to the memory of the others, they heard recounted the history of the spirit land of the sea from the very lips of her priests.

Passing about the circle the lot of speaker came at last to Pierre, the aged host, and the grizzled mate at his right called for the legend of Dahul, speaking quietly and urging Pierre to recount this greatest of his stories. He recalled that Dahul had appeared off Finisterre a year before to the coasting schooner Marguerite and the schooner with Pierre's only brother never again had been sighted. Since that time Pierre had never mentioned the name of Dahul. It was no wonder, said the old mate. Who knew but the dreadful brig was then hanging in the offing reckless of the gale? Were not even the pirates Surcouf and Tribaldor-le-Grand afraid of the mere name of Dahul? The old mate urged Pierre to tell of the spectre ship, and presently he laid aside his pipe and began the tale.

As they tell and say, there was once a brig that sailed from Barcelona to Palermo. The day was fine, and her master anxious to hasten upon his way spread all sail to the breeze, rejoicing in the prospect of a clear night and a long run. Toward sunset the wind died away and darkness closed down ominously, the stars blotted out by flying clouds from the north. The courses were hastily furled, and all hands jumped aloft to shorten sail and soon had the topsails straining in the buntlines. Without a moment's warning, while the men were still upon the yards, the storm broke fiercely upon them from abeam, bursting the bunted topsails from the boltropes with thunderous crashes,

their torn cloths sweeping half the topmen from the foot-ropes away to leeward into the sea. Those remaining had scarcely made their way to the deck when the spanker blew away to leeward and left the brig with only a fore staysail. Hatches were hastily battened down and storm canvas held in readiness, but the rising seas swept bodily over the doomed brig, and whirling in green masses along her decks swept the remnant of her crew into the sea.

Alone and crippled, but still resolute and buoyant, drifting to leeward through the long night the solitary hull rolled away into the darkness. Day after day and through many a night the lonely brig drifted on her solitary way at the mercy of wind and wave. By day the fin of the shark gleamed alongside, by night wan phosphorescent lights flitted along her decks, and aloft from spar to spar, and in her stifled cabins the death-dew gathered white and damp. Slowly the currents set her to the westward till she approached the Algerian coast. A sail crept out of the morning haze to meet her, one of that fierce band of cut-throats who haunt the darker lanes of ocean and lurk in the deep shadows beyond the harbor lights.

She was an Arab felucca, whose graceful sweeping lines glistened in the sun beneath the splendid sweep of birdlike lateen. Slipping to the windward like a gull, her pirate captain hove alongside the desolate brig and hailed her. No sound came back save the creak of yards in their slings and the hollow voice of idle blocks. At once a score of his crew leaped aboard her, burst open her hatches and fought each other for the plunder in the poor sea chests of the lost crew. But though the plunder in the mouldering cabin was worth but little, the plunderers were delighted to find the ship sound and seaworthy, and they at once decided to stay aboard her, leaving a few of their comrades to sail the felucca. The strongest and handsomest ruffian of them all was their captain, a man guilty of all crimes,

and his name was Dahul. Even his own men dreaded him, and believed that his reckless prowess and contempt of danger were due to an alliance with the devil. Under his orders new canvas was bent onto the bare yards, fresh rigging rove and a hot fire blazed in the unused galley.

So began the piratical cruise of the once peaceful and respectable merchant brig. Slave ships, Spanish galleons from the Indies and the southern seas, humble coasters and even small ships of war were captured, looted and burned by this scourge of the sea. So great was the terror of the name of Dahul that many a ship that went down in tempest or breakers was charged to the evil account of his crew. Armed merchantmen gave him battle and ships of war cruised in his wake, but in spite of many narrow escapes he grew bolder and more reckless and appalled even his own men by the utter abandon of his nature. They even began to fear him, and it was whispered that often the fiend stood watch with him at night. Some even heard him talking at night with a man not of the crew, so they were sure that it was indeed the devil, and knew that it was his power that had protected them from the king's ship.

Dahul and his ally spent much time together and seemed to enjoy each other's company greatly, but one night as they were conversing at the wheel they fell to quarreling and Dahul, unable to control himself, seized a heavy oak capsten-bar and attacked the fiend, who let go the wheel and with a curse and a terrible scowl disappeared into the darkness. Of a certainty the devil was very angry at Dahul, because it is a sea crime to strike any man at the wheel, but after he had thought the matter over a while he felt very sorry that he had quarreled with Dahul, whom he rightly considered one of his best friends and allies. He therefore decided to make up with him as soon as possible, and presently managed to mislead a homeward-bounder from the Indies directly into the grasp of the brig.

The big ship was sighted one fine morning in that sparkling sea that lies between Gibraltar and the Azores. Her billowy canvas and spotless deck shone in the summer sun, and her polished brass glistened peacefully in the shadow of her awnings. Her captain marked the approach of the brig through his glasses and drew no ill augury from the approach of a merchant brig under a peaceful flag. Not until two armed boats dashed from under her lee and a solid shot crashed into his hull did he prepare for defense. Before the crew of the big ship could get to quarters, Dahul at the head of his men boarded from her lee fore-chains. With cutlass and pistol the pirates cut down the surprised crew before they could arm themselves. Not a man asked for quarter and not one was spared except her officers, whom Dahul caused to be bound hand and foot and hung from their own yardarms. The dead and dying sailors were cast into the sea from the blood-stained decks they had so lately trod, and the pirates rushed below to the booty which they knew the big ship must contain.

Breaking in the cabin door, they came upon a scene which would have softened any but these hardened ruffians, whose lives had been full of plunder and violence. There in an agony of fear they found a Spanish family, with a black-robed priest, calm and resolute, quieting their fears and praying in a firm voice that they might be delivered from their peril. The summer sun shone from the open port on the face of a mother whose tears fell upon the child she strained to her breast; on the startled black eyes of a beautiful girl of eighteen or twenty years who clutched despairingly at her father, a tall Spanish merchant facing the pirates unarmed but like a lion at bay. With brutal exultation Dahul ordered them all dragged upon deck, while his men broke open chests and lockers and rioted in the profusion and variety of plunder from over seas they found aboard. Golden ornaments and precious silver min-

iatures from Cathay rolled about the decks, and the rich silks of Amoy fell disregarded from the ransacked chests. By the rail stood Dahul, pointing to this silver trinket and that ivory charm as his own portion and demanding that it be laid at his feet.

The priest, gazing with terror upon this scene of riot and brutality, and fearing that the next mood might involve his charges and himself in some bloody carnival of riot and excess, taking new courage from his faith and from his extremity, approached Dahul with such fortitude and calmness as he could muster. With firm words he besought the pirate captain to be satisfied with the golden trinkets and the rich fabrics which had fallen to his lot, and to avoid the wrath of the church and the judgment of God by sparing the lives of the unhappy passengers who had fallen into his hands.

In answer to the prayers of the priest, Dahul slapped him on the back, and with words of praise for his fine physique promised him safety if he would join the pirate crew, now lessened by the losses of the battle. The priest's indignant refusal aroused the wrath of Dahul, and he struck him with his fist, and with loud oaths ordered him crucified in the image of his Master. With a winning smile and a finger pointed at the tortured priest, he turned to the horrified Spaniard and with promises of life and loot offered him a place among the ruffians of his crew. The curl of proud disdain upon the father's blood-stained lips seemed to arouse Dahul to new frenzy, and with a torrent of oaths he rushed upon the dazed mother, snatched the child from her grasp, drew his reeking cutlass across its throat and tossing it to one of his men, shouted to him to have the cook roast the Spanish lamb at once and have a table set for his friends.

Under his orders the abominable deed was done, and on the table spread upon the after deck was laid the little body

of the murdered child. Then, with his face wreathed in triumph, the murderer with affected politeness summoned the stricken family to join him at his dreadful table. The mother roused from her swoon and stretching her arms in agony toward the dying priest, besought his benediction and his prayers. With a sneer Dahul drew up to the table, and called to the priest whose lips were moving in prayer: "Yes, that is right, say grace."

The great yards moaned aloft with the pitch and roll of the vessel, and her blood-stained planks seemed to take up and swell the cry of agony of the priest who poured forth all his soul in his last appeal to his God. Dahul blanched and sprang to his feet in alarm as the priest ended and out of a darkened sky a mighty voice, heard above wind and wave, thundered in his ears from he knew not whence, "You shall wander, Dahul, at the will of the winds, at the mercy of the waves. Your crew shall exhaust itself in useless and unending toil. You shall wander upon every sea until the end of the centuries. You shall receive aboard you all the drowned of the world. You shall not die, nor shall you ever approach the shore, nor the ships which you will always see fleeing before you. You shall be the Wandering Jew of the seas!"

The voice was silent. The ship shot away before the rising wind. Mother, daughter and father, and the priest, now freed from his crucifixion, were transported to the deck of a neighboring bark as by a miracle, and Dahul and his accursed ship, flying before the wrath of wind and wave, disappeared below the horizon.

Since that dread day the ship has borne her cursed crew. She wanders on forever, the harbinger of tempest, of fire, and of death. Food never comes to her galley, nor sleep to her bunks. She is without fresh water and without hope. She may be seen on every sea, her black hull like a great coffin, draped in the white shroud of her ghostly

sails. Often at night while far off thunder rumbles in the air, and the soft lap of a rising swell tells of the coming storm, the fateful brig goes by some luckless ship like the shadow of impending death. Though the wind be light her close-reefed sails are full to bursting, and she seems to be racing toward the coming storm, yet no sound comes from aloft or below. At times sulphurous fires envelop her, and out of her cavernous hull come fearful cries. Fierce battles rage upon her decks, and above the uproar is heard the frightful laugh of the archfiend, the companion of Dahul, who stands at the wheel. Bodies writhe in the flames which rise to the very trucks, and the tall masts seem ready to break with the weight of the tortured souls.

Then the wise sailor who has seen these things commits his soul to heaven and his patron saint, makes the sign of the cross and shortens sail, for he has seen the wrath of God.

NOTES ON THE FLYING DUTCHMAN AND PUNISHMENT SHIPS.

This Breton legend of deathless punishment was collected by Elvire de Cerny in 1859 from an aged sailor and reported in the *Revue des traditions populaires* (XV, p. 96). It belongs to the class of Flying Dutchman legends and contains many details of striking interest. Though at first glance it seems over lurid in action, it must be remembered that the authentic history of the sea raiders of the Barbary States and of the Spanish Main furnishes many an example of fiendishness equal to that of the story.

Dahul seems to have an Arabic name, as we find the passive participle of the Arabic root *dhahala,* "to forget," is *dhahul* which readily becomes *dahul* or "the forgotten one." Indeed, the story itself illuminates this name in saying that when the trumpet of the angel shall announce the end of the world Dahul still shall wander. He is the forgotten of God. His vessel again points to a South Mediterranean origin and word and rig are Arabic. Surcouf, mentioned by the narrator, was the notorious master of the French

privateer Clarisse which preyed upon English and American commerce at the end of the eighteenth century. The crucifixion of the Christian priest shows Dahul to be non-Christian, as does the incident of the child, since it was a common belief among early Christians that non-Christians, especially Moors and Jews, cooked and ate Christian children.

Pirates from the southern shores of the Mediterranean preyed for decades on the merchantmen of Europe and even captured small ships of war. Their long slender feluccas under oars and sail were faster than anything afloat and lay closer to the wind than any square-rigger. Their reckless courage and bloodthirst made them the terrors of the seas. We observe also that the punishment of the crew is in keeping with the character of the story and of the storyteller. It is not any of the classic or theological punishments but simply endless and useless work. The fires accompanying the brig are in this case probably drawn from medieval devil-lore as the fires accompanying the ship in the early versions of the legend are not to be confused with hell fires.

The curse upon Dahul to receive all of the drowned of the world harks back to early Christian beliefs into which we will look in connection with other phases of the doctrine of the soul. The story is the greatest of soul mysteries, the most tragic story of the sea, mother of tragedies. Music, painting and literature have been enriched by its inspiration, and so long as the sea remains untamed, the idea of the wandering soul, shut forever within ghostly bulwarks, beating in vain toward friendly ports and pounding for centuries through the wrack of ocean must stir profoundly the imagination of man.

The essential elements of the story, as of all legends of the Flying Dutchman type, are the phantom ship and the deathless punishment. The legends of deathless punishment at sea have their counterparts on shore in those of the Wandering Jew Cartaphilus, of Al Sameri, maker of the Golden Calf who still wanders in a desolate isle in the Red Sea, of Ahasuerus and of Judas who floats forever upon a rock in mid-ocean. Cartaphilus met the Saviour as he came from the judgment hall of Pontius Pilate and when Jesus stopped to rest on his doorstep drove him on. To Cartaphilus the Christ said: "I am going fast Cartaphilus, but tarry thou till I come again." Since that day, like Ahasuerus the cobbler, he has roamed the world over awaiting in deathless life the fulfilment of his curse.

The earliest mention of the Wandering Jew is found in chronicles of the Abbey of St. Aldens, as copied by Matthew of Paris. We find there the story as recounted by a certain bishop of Armenia who visited England in 1228, and who said that Cartaphilus was afterward baptized by Ananias who was called Joseph; that he spent most of his time among the prelates of the church, and was a man of holy conversation, "as one who is well practiced in sorrow and the fear of God, always looking forward with dread to the coming of Jesus Christ lest at the last judgment he should find him in anger, whom, when on his way to death he had provoked to just vengeance." He is heard of again in 1505 as a weaver in Bohemia; in 1547 in Hamburg; in 1575 in Madrid; and in 1604 in Paris. From this time on he was seen at various places upon the continent. S. Baring-Gould in his essay on medieval myths says:

"It has been suggested by some that the Jew Ahasuerus is an impersonation of that race which wanders, Cain-like, over the earth with the brand of a brother's blood upon it, and one which is not to pass away till all be fulfilled, not to be reconciled to its angered God till the times of the Gentiles are accomplished. And yet, probable as this supposition may seem at first sight, it is not to be harmonized with some of the leading features of the story. The shoemaker becomes a penitent and earnest Christian while the Jewish nation has still the veil upon its heart; the wretched wanderer eschews money, and the avarice of the Israelite is proverbial."

A learned Romanist, Rev. Father Alexius Lèpicier, in his interesting study of the origin and nature of indulgences says of the story of Cartaphilus: "Fleury in recording this fable (which is clearly the origin of the Wandering Jew) says that one knows not what to wonder at most, the audacity of the knights in relating it or the simplicity of the monks in believing it. Now, the same thing as it appears to us may be said about the obstinate denial of indulgences as about the belief in the story of this unindulgenced Jew. One really cannot say which is more astonishing, the boldness of those who undertake to deny the reality of indulgences in the face of so much evidence from scripture and tradition, or the simplicity of those who believe the calumniators." (*Indulgences,* p. 493.)

The suggestion sheds a bright light upon the story, and is a vivid illustration of the interdependence of religion and tradition. We have here an ancient story, doubtless elaborated with the very object of impressing upon the laity the terrors of impiety and

"unindulgence" which is now cited by the churchmen as evidence from tradition to establish the right of indulgences.

Closely allied are the stories of the wild huntsman, who swore he would hunt the red deer forever, of the Malay hunter and his dogs (Skeat, *Malay Magic,* 113), and of the man in the moon who foolishly gathered fagots on the Lord's Day. The wild huntsman is feared as the spirit of storm by the peasant of the continent, as a messenger of death as ominous as the Dutch captain or Dahul, and the analogy between the wild hunt and the endless voyage is strikingly illustrated in the Cornish tale in which a phantom ship passes over the chimneys of a wizard wrecker while a tempest breaks upon his cabin and his condemned soul is borne away upon the phantom ship. (Bottrell, *Traditions and Hearthside Stories of West Cornwall.*) In another version of the Cornish legend the wizard is summoned by a voice from out of the cloud ship, "The hour is come, where is the man?" Here we have evidently the fulfilment of a medieval devil-pact, the tragic climax of despair, when the short-lived power of the mortal is over and the fiend comes on stormy cloud, fiery steed, or spectral lugger to claim his prize.

We know that the theories of evolution and of physical recapitulation are as true in the world of folk-tale incidents as of life-cells. We know that the story as we have it is but part of a long tapestry, and that whatever the pattern and however fanciful the details, they must run upon the warp which stretches back to the loom of primitive fancy. Whatever the design, it must be in terms of the warp distance laid down on the first loom-stick. What then is the origin and history of this story of Dahul? Let us first look at the variants of the legend. Perhaps the first authentic story of a seaman condemned to wander comes from the North Sea, always the home of hardy and fearless sailors. It is thus recorded by Thorpe:

"At the old castle of Falkenberg in the province of Limburg, a specter walks at night, and a voice from the ruins is heard to cry, 'Murder! murder!' And it cries toward the north, and the south, and the east, and the west, and before the cries there go two small flames, which accompany him whithersoever he turns. And the voice has cried for six hundred years, and so long also have the two flames wandered. Six hundred years ago, the beautiful castle stood in its full glory, and was inhabited by two brothers of

the noble race of Falkenberg. Their names were Waleran and Reginald, and they both loved Alexia the daughter of the Count of Cleres." The suit of Waleran was favored by the Count and Countess, and he gained the bride. Reginald, vowing vengeance, concealed himself in the nuptial chamber, and slew both bride and groom. The latter, however in his dying struggles, imprinted on his murderer's face the form of his bloody hand.

"There dwelt a holy hermit in the forest and to him went the conscience-stricken murderer for consolation, confessing his sin, and showing his face with the print of the bloody hand. The hermit dared not absolve him of so foul a crime, but told him, after a night's vigil, that he must journey toward the north until he should find no more land, and then a sign would be given him." The murderer started on his wandering journey, accompanied by a white form on the right hand, and a black one on the left. "Thus then he had journeyed for many a day, and many a week, and many a month, when one morning he found no more earth beneath his feet and saw the wide ocean before him. At the same moment a boat approached the shore, and a man that was in it made a sign to him and said, 'We expected thee.' Then Reginald knew that this was the sign, and stepped into the boat still attended by the two forms, and they rowed to a large ship with all the sails set, and when they were in the ship the boatman disappeared and the ship sailed away. Reginald, with his two attendants, descended into a room below where stood a table and chairs. Each of the two forms then taking a seat at the table, the black one drew forth a pair of dice, and they began playing for the soul of Reginald. Six hundred years has that ship been sailing without either helm or helmsman, and so long have the two been playing for Reginald's soul. Their game will last till the last day. Mariners that sail in the North Sea often meet with the infernal vessel."

This story is told by many of the early Dutch mythographers and contains all the elments of the developed legend. The accompanying fires are not to be classed with those of Dahul's ship but are probably symbolic. Evidence of this is to be found in the Fridthjof Saga, where Stöte, the Viking, punished by the gods, is described as fire-girdled in a spectral ship in a cavern by the sea.

"Wide as a temple dome or a lordly palace deep buried
Down in the green grass and turf lay a sepulcher rounded,
Light gleamed out therefrom, through a chink in the ponderous portal
Of Stöte with helm and anchor and masts, and high by the pillar

Sat there a terrible form who was clad in a fiery mantle,
Mutely glaring sat he and scrubbed his blood-spotted weapon,
Vainly, the stains remained, all the wealth he had stolen
Around in the grave was heaped, the ring on his arm he was wearing."

Stöte is not the prototype of Dahul but a sepulchral ghost or tomb spectre, the fire is Loki and the cave his home, the tomb. It is in the story of Captain Vanderdecken, however, that we find the best-known form of the legend. It is thus told by French sailors of the eighteenth century (Jal, *Scènes de la vie maritime*):

"There was formerly a ship's captain who believed neither in saints, nor God, nor anything else. 'Twas a Dutchman, I know not from what city. He sailed one day to go south. All went well as far as the latitude of the Cape of Good Hope, but there he got a hard blow. The ship was in great danger. Every one said to the captain, 'Captain, put in shore, or we are all lost.' The captain laughed at the fears of his crew and his passengers; he sang, the rascal, songs horrible enough to call down a hundred times the thunderbolts on his masts. Then as the captain scoffed at the tempest, a cloud opened and a huge figure descended upon the poop. 'Twas the Everlasting Father. Every one was afraid; the captain continued to smoke his pipe; he did not even raise his cap when the figure addressed him. 'Captain,' it said, 'You are out of your head.' 'And you are an uncivil fellow,' said the captain, 'I don't ask anything from you; get out or I'll blow your brains out.' The venerable person replied nothing, but shrugged his shoulders. Then the captain seized one of his pistols, cocked it, and aimed it at the cloud-figure. The shot, instead of wounding the white-bearded form, pierced the captain's hand; that worried him a little, you may believe. He jumped up to hit the old man a blow in the face with his fist, but his arm dropped paralyzed with palsy. The tall figure then said: 'You are accursed, Heaven sentences you to sail forever, without being able to put into port or harbor. You shall have neither beer not tobacco, you shall drink gall at all times, you shall chew red-hot iron for your quid, your boy shall have a horned forehead, a tiger's jaw, and a skin rougher than a sea-dog's. You shall eternally watch, and shall not sleep when sleepy, because when you close your eyes a long sword shall pierce your body. And since you love to torment sailors, you shall persecute them, for you shall be the evil one of the sea; you shall wander ceaselessly throughout all latitudes; you shall have neither rest not fine weather; you shall have the tempest for a breeze; the sight of your ship which shall

hover about to the end of time, will bring misfortune to those who see it.' 'I defy you!' was the sole reply of the captain. The Holy Father disappeared, and the captain found himself alone on the deck, with the ship's boy, disfigured as predicted. The crew had disappeared with the figure in the cloud.

"Since then the Voltigeur sails about in heavy weather, and his whole pleasure is in doing ill to poor sailors. 'Tis he who sends them white squalls, who wrecks ships or leads them on false courses. There are those who say that the Flying Dutchman often has the audacity to visit passing ships; then there is war in the caboose, wine sours, and all food becomes *beans*. Often he sends letters on board ships he meets, and if the captain read them, he is lost; he becomes a madman and his ship dances in the air, and finishes by turning over while pitching violently. The Voltigeur paints himself as he will, and changes six times a day, so as not to be recognized. He has sometimes the appearance of a heavy Dutch *camel*, who can hardly bluff his heavy quarters into the wind. At others, he becomes a corvette, and scours the sea as a light corsair. I know others whom he had sought to attract by alarm guns; but he did not succeed in deceiving them, because they were forewarned. His crew are accursed as well as he, for 'tis a gang of hardened sinners. All sailor shirkers, rogues dying under the cat, and cowards, are on board his ship. Look out for squalls, my lads, and if you don't do your duty, you will find yourselves on board the Dutchman, and *there* is work, believe me. It is always 'tack ship,' because it is necessary to be everywhere at the same time. No pastime there, but hunger, thirst and fatigue, every one trembling, indeed, for if one should complain, there are officers who have whips ending in lashes as sharp as a razor which would cut a man in two as my knife can cut a lump of butter. And this lash will last through all eternity."

An English version fixes the time of her sailing as 1750 and gives assurance that Vanderdecken was always kind to his men. It recounts the attempts of the unwieldy bluff-bowed hulk to get around the stormy cape. Here, after tossing for weeks against head winds she was hailed with the inquiry whether she would not put in at Table Bay. Then the fiery Vanderdecken replied, "May I be eternally damned if I do, though I should beat about here until the day of Judgment." (*Log Book*, 129.)

Another English version has it that the Dutchman was a trader with a rich cargo on whose ship a plague fell as a divine punish-

ment for piracy and murder, and that since that day no port has received her pest-ridden hull, and that seamen sighting her are doomed. (*Melusine,* II, 159.)

A form of the story with a flavor of devil-contract about it has been current in Germany. According to this the unfortunate man was a Dutch master of the seventeenth century by the name of Bernard Fokke, who had wonderful popularity with his owners by reason of the unheard-of shortness of his trips to the far east. It was reported that he often sailed from Batavia to Holland in ninety days. This was evidently in spite of wind and wave and the captain was declared to be in league with the devil. He was pictured as a huge, violent and powerful man who cased his masts with iron and who swore like a pagan, and when his ship failed to return after a voyage about the cape, it was confidently believed that the devil had taken him according to agreement and condemned him to wander forever about the cape. He and three of his men are still seen by Indiamen. They are aged men with long white beards. When they are hailed the ship disappears. (*Ausland,* 1841, No. 237). Her pilot is no better than her captain. Wind-bound in the Straits of Malacca, he was forced to tack, and in his impatience swore that the devil might take him to hoist Krakatoa out of the way of ships so that the channel might be possible. So to-day when the wind is right you may hear him at the northeastern extremity of Krakatoa working and singing at his capstan like a sailor. (*Melusine,* Oct. 5, 1884.)

It is said that when the English occupied Java in 1811, they destroyed a statue to Fokke overlooking the Batavia roads. Scotch sailors believed that Jawkins, a successful smuggler, paid one-sixth of his cargo to the devil. (Scott, *Guy Mannering.*)

German sailors tell fantastic stories of the Death Ship with skeleton crew condemned to serve a century in each grade. A skeleton mate holds the hour glass before them and death-heads grin from the sails. Sometimes she is commanded by Captain Requiem and her name reads "Libera Nos." The Navire Libera Nos will cruise until a Christian crew shall have said mass on board for the redemption of her crew. (Schmidt, *Seemanns-Sagen*; Balleydier, *Vieillées du Presbytère.*)

French sailors tell of a ship built by the devil on board which he gathered the souls of sinners. This ship was burned by St. Elmo who was enraged at the ghoulish glee of Satan. When the sea is phosphorescent this ship is burning again.

"At St. Gildas in Brittany, sailors who live near the sea sometimes are waked by three knocks on the door. Then they are importuned to get up and go to the shore where they find lying black vessels which sink into the water up to the gunwales. As soon as they enter into them a great white sail hoists itself on the mast and the boat leaves the shore as by the ebb and flow. They are said to carry the souls of the damned until the day of judgment." (E. Souvestre, *Les derniers Bretons.*)

One of the most interesting of all this group of stories is that of the haunted ships of the Solway. We may note here the introduction of a magic incident quite unusual in the story.

It is said that two Danish pirates had a compact with the devil by which they were empowered to work their will upon the deep and by which, after they had long reveled in violence and crime, they came to be fated to perish in the Solway. One clear star-bright night their ships sailed into the harbor, the deck of one crowded with revelers, the other bearing one spectral figure. A boat approached the crowded ship to join the sailor revels, when suddenly both ships sank. There they still lie with all sail set, and once a man was seen to dig a brass slipper out of the sand of the nearby shore, throw it in the water in which it became a boat and in it put off to the wrecks. Striking them with his oar they both rose to the surface with all sail set. Their lights were lit, and with every sheet straining they were seen by the village folk to stand out directly over the Castletown shoals. On the anniversary of the wreck they are said to return and sink again and appear at other times before gales. Whoever touches the sunken ships will be drawn down to them, and no sailor or fisherman would tempt fate by venturing near them as they sail out of the harbor. (Cunningham, *Traditional Tales of the English and Scottish Peasantry*, p. 338.)

Even more dreadful is the spectral ship seen in the same waters which is said to doom to wreck and disaster the ship which it approaches. It is the ghostly carrier of a bridal party wrecked maliciously. (*Ibid.*, 228.) Here we come upon a phase of the widespread belief that no spirit which has been freed by violent death can be at rest. Soldiers in ghostly armor tread many a battlefield. Haunted houses echo with the footfalls of the murdered masters, and here on the spectral ship of the Solway, the sailor and his bride await the ebbing of the last tide. (Compare "The Spectre

of the Dan-no-oura Roads" by Naryoshi Songery in *Ann. Pop. Trad.*, 1887.)

Another form of the legend however, as encountered off the eastern coast of South America is even nearer in essential details to the story of Dahul. Here we find that the dog's bad name sticks to him, and a Spaniard in Spanish American waters tells of the evil deeds of a notorious Dutchman. Such was the price of the hardihood of the brave seamen who first dared trade around the world. The story runs as follows:

"As we were under sail from the Plata river toward Spain, I heard one night the cry, 'A sail!' I was at the time on the upper deck, but I saw nothing. The man who had the watch seemed very much terrified. After some persuasion, he recounted to me the reasons for his alarm. He had seen, while watching aloft, a black frigate, sailing so nearby that he could distinguish the figure-head on the prow, which represented a skeleton with a spear in its hand. He also saw the crew on the deck, who, like the image, were clothed only in skin and bone. Their eyes lay deep and fixed in their sockets, as in a corpse. Nevertheless, these phantoms handled the sails, which were so light and thin that he saw the stars shine through with an uncertain light. The blocks and ropes made no noise, and all was silent as the grave, except that, at intervals, the word 'Water!' was pronounced by a weak voice. All this my man saw by a weak uncertain light that shone from the ship itself. But as he cried, 'A sail!' the ship suddenly sank, and he saw nothing but the sea and the stars. As we were having an apparently lucky voyage, I recounted the story in the mess and laughed at it, as over a vagary of the diseased imagination of the sailor, who sank momentarily into such despondency that he soon died. How great was my astonishment, when one of my hearers cried out, with sudden pallor, 'So thou art revenged, Sandovalle!' After some importunity he explained himself in the following words: 'It is now forty years since my father, Don Lopez d'Aranda, died, sorrowing for his son, Don Sandovalle, who, as he himself wrote, had embarked for Spain with his Peruvian wealth and his lovely bride, Lorenza. But as my father slept one night, he had the following dream.—It seemed to him that he saw Sandovalle with a deep wound in his head, while, pale and disfigured, he pointed to a young woman who was bound to the mast of a black ship, looking to heaven as she begged assistance from above, and staring at the bleeding wound of Sandovalle,

or turning her eyes toward a breaker of water standing near her, but beyond her reach, as she begged the men about her for a drop to drink. Denied this boon, she called down in a firm voice a curse on the head of a certain Everts. Everts appears to have been the captain. At this instant, the ship sank out of sight, and my father heard a voice that said, 'Sandovalle and Lorenza, ye shall be avenged.' So ended the Spaniard, who did not doubt that the vision seen by the sailor was Everts's ship, condemned evermore to scour the seas. No one has ever heard more of the ship in which the young nobleman sailed, and about the same time much was read concerning a notorious Hollandish sea-rover, who haunted the seas between La Plata river and the Cape of Good Hope."

Off the coast of Brittany, the punishment ship is a giant craft manned by men and dogs. The men are reprobates guilty of horrible crimes, and the dogs are demons set to guard and torture them. Until the day of judgment this monster ship will drift at the mercy of the winds. She wanders from sea to sea without ever anchoring or turning her prow into a harbor. Should a sailor allow her to fall aboard him, his fate is sealed. But it is easy to avoid her as the orders of her mates shouted through vast conch shells may be heard for leagues. Then the devout skipper appeals to St. Anne d'Auray and repeats the Ave Maria, against which the wiles of the devil are as empty threats. (*Melusine,* Sept. 1884.)

This is but a floating hell, just such a ship as the fevered brain of some brutal mate's victim might build above the damp forecastle bunk of the shanghaied outward bounder. She is death-ship, devil-ship and Flying Dutchman at once, and the description of her dog guardians is of particular significance. Dogs were the warders of hell in Vedic as in Greek mythology (cf. Cerberus and the Sarameyas, Syama and Cerbura) and dogs accompany the wild huntsman and Charon. Among Icelandic fishermen, it is unlucky to have a dog near boats or nets (Powell, *Icelandic Legends*). Hunt tells of storms foretold on the coast of Cornwall by a spectral dog, and it is said that Satan raised a storm at Bongay, England, in 1597, coming out of the waves in the form of a dog (Bassett, *Legends and Traditions of the Sea*, p. 90). To mention the name of a dog will bring on a storm, say Scotch fishermen, and the dog when he howls foretells the tempest. "The wind will come from the direction in which a dog points his nose when he howls." He is connnected with the wild hunt in nearly all folklore as a psychopomp, or soul-bearer, and is generally diabolical. On board a ship, however, he

is not usually disliked, probably by reason of his usefulness on watch in port. The dog, however, is not a natural figure on shipboard, and when he is found in such a story as that just cited off the coast of Brittany, the prototype is undoubtedly Cerberus or similar demons in canine form. Of the appearance of the dog with the wild huntsman or in the spectral canoe of Sebastian Lacelle (Hamlin, "La Chasse Galerie," in *Legends of le Detroit*), we should perhaps find explanation in the comradeship of the primitive man with his dog out of which grew the custom of the sacrifice of the dog with his dead master and the belief that the faithful soul of the dog would share the fate of his condemned master. Thus in the wild hunt of the Malay we find that the two dogs with which the hunter set out on the quest of the pregnant male deer still accompany him in his endless search, and the faithful hound of the Indian hunter still barks from the canoe of the spectral voyager.

American and English sailors, though without the picturesque imagery of the Latin mind, are for this very reason to be given credence when they do tell a tale of supernatural sights. Though all sailors are ready to rig their "yarn tackle" when occasion offers, American and English sailors have more education and less superstition, more fear of ridicule and less ready fancy than their Gallic mates, and moreover have an independent and controversial cast of mind which will seldom permit them to give out the fancy of another as the truth. If they tell a story that is all "spun yarn" they put it in the best material at their command and ask no corroboration. When we find officers, supercargo and crew reporting a spectral ship we may be sure the story is worthy of inspection. The diary of the two sons of Edward Prince of Wales in the "Bacchante" in 1881 contains the following entry:

"At 4 A. M the Flying Dutchman crossed our bows. A strange, red light, as of a phantom ship all aglow, in the midst of which light the masts, spars and sails of a brig two-hundred yards distant stood out in strong relief as she came up. The lookout man on the forecastle reported her as close on the port bow, where also the officer of the watch from the bridge clearly saw her, as did also the quarter-deck midshipman, who was sent forward at once to the forecastle; but on arriving there no vestige nor any sign whatever of any material ship was to be seen either near or right away to the horizon, the night being clear and the sea calm. Thirteen persons altogether saw her, but whether it was Van Diemen or the Flying Dutchman, or who, she must remain unknown. The Tourmaline

and Cleopatra, who were sailing on our starboard bow, flashed to ask whether we had seen the strange red light."

Another English log entry made in 1835 by Mr. R. M. Martin runs as follows:

"We had been in 'dirty weather' as the sailors say, for several days, and to beguile the afternoon, I commenced after-dinner narratives to the French officers and passengers (who were strangers to the eastern seas) current about the Flying Dutchman. The wind which had been freshening during the evening, now blew a stiff gale, and we proceeded on deck to see the crew make our bark all snug for the night. The clouds, dark and heavy, coursed with rapidity across the bright moon, whose lustre is so peculiar in the southern hemisphere, and we sould see a distance of from eight to ten miles on the horizon. Suddenly the second officer, a fine Marseilles sailor, who had been among the foremost in the cabin in laughing at and ridiculing the story of the Flying Dutchman ascended the weather rigging, exclaiming, '*Voila de volant Hollandais*!' The captain sent for his night glass and soon observed, 'It is very strange, but there is a ship bearing down on us with *all sail* set, while we dare scarcely show a pocket-handkerchief to the breeze.' In a few minutes the stranger was visible to all on deck, her rig plainly discernible, and people on her poop; she seemed to near us with the rapidity of lightning, and apparently wished to pass under our quarter for the purpose of speaking. The captain, a resolute Bordeaux mariner, said it was quite incomprehensible and sent for the trumpet to hail an answer, when in an instant, and while we were all on the *qui vive,* the stranger totally disappeared, and was seen no more."

Fishermen and others have often reported a phantom ship off the harbor of San Francisco. She is said to be the ghost of the old clipper Tennessee which on dark rainy nights, outside the heads, the pilots occasionally speak but never board, and which is the phantom terror of the experienced navigators of this coast. She has been seen dozens of times, the sailors aver, from decks and from Telegraph Hill. She is always running for port with all canvas crowded on, but she never gets further in than Lime Point. There she disappears, only to reappear far outside the whistling buoy prepared for another attempt to enter the port, which, as a punishment to the shade of the captain, she will never reach.

Another story told in the dark sailor taverns of "Frisco" has a richness of setting and a glory of dramatic action which are un-

equaled in all the splendid tales of the sea. In the forward mess the wanderer passes as the "doomed dago of the Linshotens." Here is the story as told by the master of a down east clipper.

"I had to beat down from Woosung to the Saddles, and keep Rube McCaslin, the oldest Shanghai pilot, aboard. He told me a yarn about a Portuguese pirate who used to voyage the coast in 1500. After a descent in Samonoseki, when he and his crew committed many atrocities, he killed a Daimio, and carried away his daughter, and the pirate and his dreaded craft mysteriously disappeared and never a trace of him was found, either on the adjacent coast or by the fleet of Japanese war-junks which were seeking to effect his capture.

"'Then arose,' said old Rube, 'the superstition of the doomed Dago, which is connected with the very strait through which you will pass to get out into the broad Pacific. I give it to you for what it is worth. I've piloted vessels through those seas nigh on to thirty years, and have had versions of it one way and another often enough. The land that you will pass closest to going through the Linshotens is a fire mountain. It's going almost all the time, but the story says that sometimes there's more than ordinary spouting of red-hot stuff. If this happens to be at night, the mountain belches up, and the red-hot ashes hang on it for a moment just like a great fiery umbrella. Then they will drop hissing into the sea, and everything will be dark.

"'After this, there'll loom up to windward, and right out against the thickest darkness, the shadowy form of an old sixteenth-century galleon. She'll come tearing along with every sail set, faster than one of your eighteen-knot tea-clippers, and what's most curious, there'll be a dead calm just at this time, and the sails of the sightseer will flap against the mast. The phantom will pass within hailing distance and you can see on her deck the dead dagos standing around while a set figure stands at the rudder, grasping the form of a Japanese girl.

"'The whole thing whizzes by and makes for the strait. When it gets there—*who-oop*!—up goes the great fire umbrella out of the mountain again, and rains down over the phantom, apparently licking her up in one burst of conflagration. Then it's pitch dark again and the performance is over.'"

Here again as in the case of Dahul and Sandovalle, punishment has been meted out to the brutal pirate and murderer. This, if the pilot is to be believed, is one of the earliest of the Flying Dutchman,

and we may well hope from the evidence which we have of the deeds of the Portuguese and Spanish sea ruffians of the sixteenth century that some of them still suffer for their villainy. This idea of fit punishment for brutality is contained in the chantey printed in the *Bookman* (June, 1904), purporting to date from the early nineteenth century. Here a drunken captain kills his cabin boy, and as punishment the ship will cruise forever with the corpse of the murdered boy following in its wake.

"Make sail! make sail! Ah, woe is me!
Leave quick this horrid sight!
But the body rolls in the counter's lee
In a sheen of phosphor light.

"And so for a day, a month, a year—
And so for the years to come,
Shall the perjured captain gaze in fear
On the bloody work of rum."

In our own waters within the bailiwick of the late burgomaster of New Amsterdam, there is still a wandering Dutchman whom the splendid Hudson River packets and the fast yachts of the American Rhine never disturbed, but who has not been sighted since the invasion of the gasoline launch. Irving writes of him:

"This ship is of round Dutch build, that might be the Flying Dutchman or Hendrick Hudson's Halfmoon, which ran aground there seeking the northwest passage to China." He says this ship is seen all along the river from Tadpaan Zee to Hoboken. The ship is under command of the Heer of the Dunderburg.

He recounts another story of skipper Daniel Ouslesticker of Fish Hill, who, in a squall, saw a figure astride his bowsprit, which was exorcised by Domine Van Greson of Esopus, who sang the legend of St. Nicholas. He says that since that time all vessels passing the spot lower their peaks out of tribute. (*Bracebridge Hall,* 289.)

Clark Russell in his *Voyage to the Cape* thus describes the wanderer:

"She was painted yellow, of yellow were the dim churchyard lines that I marked her hull was coated with. She was low in the bows with a great spring aft, crowned by a kind of double poop, one above another, and what I could see of the stern was almost pear-shape, supposing the fruit inverted with the stalk sliced off. She had three masts each with a large protected circular top, re-

sembling turrets, sails of the texture of cobwebs hung from her squareyards."

Of interest in connection with this legend is the widespread belief among sailors that seabirds are wandering souls of evil doers condemned to continual movement. (*Revue des traditions populaires,* XV, 603.)

"At sea at night little birds give plaintive cries. Superstitious sailors call them *âmes des maîtres,* believing they bear the souls of the masters of lost ships crying out until their bodies shall be carried to earth for Christian burial" (*Ibid.,* 163). The poet Masefield makes use of this superstition in *Sea-Change*:

"'Goneys an' gullies an' all o' the birds o' the sea,
They ain't no birds, not really,' said Bill the Dane.
'Not mollies, nor gullies, nor goneys at all,' said he,
'But simply the sperrits of mariners livin' again.

"'Them birds goin' fishin' is nothin' but souls o' the drowned,
Souls o' the drowned an' the wicked as are never no more;
An' that there haughty old albatross cruisin' around,
Belike he's Admiral Nelson or Admiral Noah.'"

At the entrance of the Golden Horn on the Bosporus, one sees a sort of gray gull skimming along the waves and never seeming to light. Sailors call them *âmes en peine* and believe them to be the souls of cruel captains who are condemned to wander thus until the end of the world. (Rene Stiebel, *Ibid.,* VIII, 311.) We are reminded that most of these beliefs are the offspring of the primitive mind which looks upon death as a state brought about by wizards who have expelled the soul. In Zulu and South African belief these wizards or *hili* live in rivers and have the power to steal men's souls and leave their bodies to wander forever. Mac Donald, in his *Religion and Myth,* says:

"A sleeper must not be rudely or hurriedly awakened lest his soul like Baal of old should be on a journey and have no time to return to reenter the body. In that case the man might not die, but he would cease to be human and go to wander forever in the forest like those corpses raised by witchcraft, and who are doomed to an eternal wandering in mist and rain."

A condemned sailor of Flanders wanders without any ship. His soul is contained in a mysterious fiery globe which rises in the evening from the Escaut river near Kieldrecht in Eastern Flanders. The apparition always goes in the direction of the village of Verrebroect. (A. Harou, in *Revue des traditions populaires,* XI, 575.)

Worthy of note also is the legend of the captain who in the form of a dog is chained to his sunken ship off Fresnaye on the coast of France. This curious punishment was inflicted by fairies after the devil had promised the captain immortality. Note here the devil-pact, the conflict of good and evil spirits and the deathless life. ("Le bateau sous la mer," *Rev. tr. pop.*, XV, 139; cf. "Le château sous la mer," *ibid.*, XV, 173; Rhys, *Celtic Folk Lore*, II, 402.)

Having surveyed the field of parallel and related legends we may now ask, what is the solution of this tragic enigma and what lies back of the modern legend? As usual in the study of folk tales, we find in the language even of the modern story, the key to its history. Vanderdecken is a Dutchman, and his name may be literally translated "of the cloak," (Dutch, *dek, deken,* a cloak; *dekken,* to cover). No cloak appears in the legend and it is not a sea garment, but let us inquire about the wild huntsman who shares the fate of Vanderdecken. He is known in Germany and Denmark as Hackelberg or Hackelbärend, which literally means cloak-bearer. Both Hackelbärend and Vanderdecken are storm spirits and bring wreck and disaster. The Teutonic storm god is Odin or Wotan (*vada,* to go violently, to rush). He is the spirit of the wind that raged upon the cold northern seas and through the marks and forests of heathen Germany. About him is the cloak of cloud that hides his terrible face. He is the cloak-bearer, the war-god seeking for souls whom he leads to Valhalla. Later he is the demon of the destructive tempest, the encourager of strife, the forerunner of death. Christianity cut down his sacred grove. Forest dwellers and the lonely villagers drew together and shut out their old gods with heavy walls. The old Teutonic gods might wander in the outlands and through the drear and vision-haunted forest, but they were no longer divine. The cross was raised above the hammer. Odin was driven forth wild and dreadful, no longer God, but devil, no longer the leader of souls to Valhalla, but to Hel; thenceforth he was the god of the heathen, the dwellers of the haunted Teutonic heath. Henceforth he was the demon of the air, the forerunner of tempest and destruction.

The Eddas and the Imrama, or oversea voyages of the Irish, contain no comparable legend. The story of Falkenburg remained the only prototype up to the time of circumnavigation when the legend attained full development, and curiously enough dropped the local type and the name of Falkenburg and returned to the early cloak-bearer of the north.

The Dutch were foremost of sailors to push into unknown seas and about the stormy Cape Horn. There they met baffling winds, the dread spectre of the cape, and all the uncanny appearances which have ever made this gateway to the east feared by sailors. Small wonder it is that they should set the slumbering psychopomp of the north to guard the spectral cape. Objectively, the legend might well have arisen out of many of the uncommon sights of the sea. Mirages, derelicts, abandoned ships and mist shapes assume spectral form in the eyes of the anxious lookout, and the many and appalling disasters of the sea readily lead the mariner to foreshadow evil from all uncommon happenings.

Literature and drama have found in the luckless captain a favorite theme. Marryat in his penny-dreadful tells the most fantastic stories of the wanderer. Cooper in *Red Rover* and Russell in *The Death Ship* and *A Voyage to the Cape,* have given nautical setting to the tragedy; and in Germany, Hoffman, Zedlitz, Hauff, Nothvogel, Konigsmunde and Otto have made use of the theme. It is among the poets however that we find the chief chroniclers of the Dutchman. Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner" has fascinated many with his gray beard and glittering eye. Longfellow in his "Phantom Ship" and "Ballad of Carmilhan" sings of

> "A ship of the dead that sails the sea
> And is called the Carmilhan,
> A ghostly ship with a ghostly crew,
> In tempests she appears,
> And before the gale or against the gale
> She sails without a rag of sail,
> Without a helmsman steers."

Celia Thaxter in "The Cruise of the Mystery" tells of a condemned slaver. Leyden, a Scotch poet, draws a strong picture. John Boyle O'Reilly, Bret Harte, Campbell, Scott and Hood have given variants of the story in literary form. Whittier found here the material for his "Wreck of the Schooner Breeze," his "Salem Spectre Ship," his "Dead Ship of Harpswell." Best known perhaps is Wagner's music drama. Here the story finds its most magnificent setting. Departing from the rude sailor legend with its flavor of medieval theology, Wagner engrafts upon it the splendid chivalric theme of the redeeming power of love. So tenacious was that early concept of the sea of death and darkness that we find in all the variants of the legend hardly a mention of the possibility of salvation. No favoring wind blows upon the Dutchman, no mes-

senger receives the letters from the hands of those pathetic figures. His ship is the hieroglyph of despair. Nothing relieves the utter hopelessness of his fate. Its roots go far back into the day of the spiteful and malignant gods. The sea and the desert, fire and death know no relenting. The pagan bitterness of the legend is masked by the art of the dramatist who raises in Senta the image of a new force in the world, the power of love. As Christianity with its doctrine of love and redemption opened to the pagan world the way to hope and rest, so Senta is the harbor light to the wanderer of the seas of despair. She is the triumph of the new faith. *Ohne Ziel, ohne Rast, ohne Ruh,* is resolved into the harmony of peace.

LA BELLE ROSALIE.

LA BELLE ROSALIE.

WIND-SHELTERED by white cliffs and rock-perched beyond the grasp of channel waves nestles defiantly the quaint fishing town of Dieppe. Her cobbled streets run precipitously to her harbor, and when the fishing fleet is out the sweet calm of surrounding fields vies with the quiet of her ancient churchyards. Widows and wives and sweethearts of sailors live in the sturdy little houses, and the odor of fish and of cordage loiters in the smoke from their chimneys. It is a great day in Dieppe, for three ships are to sail for the western fisheries and La Belle Rosalie, the beautiful new barkentine, the pride of the town, is to begin to-day her maiden voyage to the Azores. Sailmakers and riggers hurry busily about her decks. Caulkers' hammers resound from her planks and the yo-hos of stevedores echo from hold to lighter. François is there, proud of his new short jacket. To-morrow all Dieppe will see that he is no longer a fisherman's boy but an able seaman, a wheelman in the starboard watch of La Belle Rosalie. To-night he will say good-bye to Maria Batiste, proudly and confidently. He will tell her to make her wedding clothes and be ready to go with him to the altar of the little church when La Belle Rosalie returns.

And so the morning comes and all Dieppe gathers to see the little ship break out her canvas and begin her life. Casks of purple wine and sacks of fresh vegetables, bou-

quets of flowers and little gifts of apparel are hurried aboard in late boats, and as the ship warps out of the roadway, the busy mates hurry weeping mothers and sisters and proud fathers over the side into their boats. Sweethearts say farewell and exchange little icons of the heart and of the church, and as the sails fall from the brails and yards are mast-headed to the shrill pipe of the boatswain, La Belle Rosalie heels gently to leeward and is away. It is a proud moment for François, for he stands at the wheel where all may see him, and though he looks straight ahead, he sees out of the tail of his eye that Maria Batiste is there at the pier's end waving tremulous adieu amid the throng. Thus cheered by gifts of love and voices of proud encouragement, La Belle Rosalie wafted by favoring breezes draws away into the sunlit sea.

Months pass with coming and going of ships; summer drifts by in the lap of sunny seas, and no word comes back from La Belle Rosalie. Day by day Maria wanders along the white cliffs and strains her eyes across the misty channel in quest of the trim hull and tapering spars. Daily she leaves her sewing to wander restlessly along the wharves and question the lounging mates and sailors, but no gossip of distant ports or scrap of forecastle yarn tells aught of the missing ship. Many ships come back broken and buffeted by the seven seas, and many homes are saddened by the grim reports of wreck and storm, but never a word from La Belle Rosalie. Bells are tolled and tapers burned for many a sturdy sailor and prayers for his soul are wafted to the dim rafters of the little church, but no prayers are said nor tapers burned for those sailors of the barkentine who might be dead for aught men know.

Maria, like some restless spirit, wanders from church to harbor, her white lips drawn with pain, her eyes lustrous and spiritual with the light of fasting and of prayer. November comes with falling leaves and the moaning of chan-

nel storms and still no news of the missing ship. The second day of that month is the day of the dead or All Souls' Day in the gentle English phrase. It is the day of the lost at sea, which the Roman church has set aside for intercession for the repose of the souls of the dead. While it is yet dark, Maria slips to the door of her cottage and stealthily throws back the bolt. But after her hastens a figure that stops her at the threshold and with tearful persuasion seeks to bring her back. It is her sister, who day and night has sought to curb her restless wanderings and lead her mind away from ships and sailors back into the quiet channels of her former life.

"It is the day of the dead, sister," says Maria, "and I must watch for La Belle Rosalie. She will come back to-day and I must be waiting for François." And so shivering with cold and apprehension, the sister follows on down the cobbled street. Riding-lights wave spectrally in the breaking darkness, but there are no other signs of life in harbor or town. The misty stars are nestled deep in the close-drawn canopy of murky sky, and upon the gray beach the slender swell is breaking without light or sound. The great red eye of the port light opens and closes lazily and wanes into impotence at the coming of dawn, like some fabled monster of the night whose power ceases at the break of day. Shadow and form, hull and pier and sable, that in the darkness cast their mysterious forms across the sea, fade imperceptibly into the grayness of sea and sky and cliff, and the two silent figures by the shore draw their shawls about them and shiver in the damp shroud of all-enveloping dawn.

It is the hour of visions and of dread, when graves yawn forth their dead, when vampires and were-wolves flit abroad and witches brew their spells; but beyond is the dawn of the day of All Souls, and out of the darkness of preceding night should rise the star of a new and holy

day, laying the spirits of the evil dead and wafting prayers for the righteous to the throne of heaven, rolling back the mists of doubt and despair and bathing the earth in the sunshine of arisen hope and faith.

There is no movement among the wan draperies of fog, the spectral sea seems to have vanished and all the universe to be resolved into impalpable and eerie vapors. Even the hoarse groan of steam whistles from far out in the channel seems to bring but a tenuous murmur to the ear, as though no voice of the material world might harshly penetrate that mystery. Silent gulls on spread wings soar by like birds upon some dim and ancient kakemono. It is the moment before dawn; the threshold of the mystery of birth. Eastward a dim effulgence radiates from somewhere in the unknown beyond, wavering, uncertain, and scarcely sensed, seeming but a thinning of the mist. Dim pathways of light run through it like candle lights on some dull pewter urn. Slowly the light grows, sluggish but irresistible, till each particle of suspended moisture seems to glow in iridescent sheen.

The two silent figures turn dilated eyes toward the dripping light and seem by contrast to stand in shadow, facing the coming of some unearthly transformation. Breathless and nerveless, wrapt in the mystery of the moment, Maria Batiste points a white finger toward the gateway of light. "There," she cries, "she is coming, La Belle Rosalie!" Her finger traces in the mist the outline of a graceful hull; tall, tapering spars emerge from shadow lines; gossamer sails sown with myriad pearls of moisture float from shining yards. There is no sound of waters beneath her forefoot, no curl of broken spray, no line where hull and water meet, only a darkening of the grayness through which hull and spar and sail move spiritwise. The falls are rigged, a boat swings at the davits, and figures in glistening oilskins peer from the rail expectant for the

familiar harbor. Soft blue lights seem to waver from truck and yard-arm, but there is no sound of creaking block or vibrant halyard.

With one bound the light of dawn leaps upward. Cliff and sea start into life. The misty pulse of the deep and the breath of the dawn wind stir slumberously. Maria has fallen on her knees. "There, there is François, he stands at the wheel. But see how pale he is!"

Of a sudden with the rush of dawn and the awakening of day comes the deep voice of the church, the call to early mass, the death knell of night and of doubt, the first summons of the day of All Souls. The mists roll back silently, and with them into tenuous space fades La Belle Rosalie.

NOTES ON PHANTOM SHIPS.

The annals of the sea contain many apparently authentic accounts of sea apparitions. They are reported with much detail and with that certainty which indicates that they are not merely creatures of the storyteller's art, but are reports of actual experiences of the narrator. Such stories naturally divide themselves into two classes, one relating to phantoms which foretell wreck and disaster to the observer, and the other class represented by those spectral ships which convey warning or tidings of wreck or disaster already accomplished, and thus enable the observer to escape a like fate. The first class of vessels is essentially evil, while the second is kindly and beneficent.

The vast body of data accumulated by folklorists and by societies for psychical research cannot well be ignored without examination, and may even be considered sufficient to make necessary a scientific explanation of apparitions. "The multiplication of the phenomena puts them on the same footing with meteors and comets and all other sporadic or residual facts. Their regular occurrence after a definite type suggests some other law than hallucination, extensive as that is. The collection of a census of events would satisfy science of the need of investigation at least, and that indefinitely. Ridicule after that would only indicate the cries of a

dying philosophy." (Hyslop, *Psychical Research and the Resurrection,* p. 380.) If the study of data concerning the ghosts of men has led to any definite conclusion as to the reality of these phenomena, may we say that that conclusion is as applicable to phantom ships as to phantom men?

Our story of La Belle Rosalie was first made known by Amélie Bosquet in *La Normandie Romanesque,* and more recently brought to light by Fouju in *La revue des traditions populaires,* Vol. VI, p. 416, in the series "Légendes normandes du musée de Dieppe" under title *Le vaisseau fantome,* and finds its counterpart on many seas. We shall refer to those reports only which have been made by careful and trustworthy collectors.

In Scotland a sailor of seventy years told Walter Gregor of two fishing boats which left Broadsea together for Aberdeen. When they were away a heavy blow came on, and the little craft driving under bare poles in a smother of rain and sea lost sight of each other. After many hours the storm abated and one of the boats was approaching the harbor of Aberdeen at night when the form of the other boat was made out ahead of it passing safely into the harbor. This guidance the astonished sailors were able to follow safely into the harbor. On shore none saw the leading ship and no such ship anchored there. It was believed that at the time the lost fisherboat foundered in the storm many miles at sea, for she was never again heard of (*Revue des traditions populaires,* XI, 330).

An apparition observed by many was seen at Porz an Eokr in the Isle of Batz. A ship appeared there in the early morning while fishermen and coasters were busy with their nets and sails. Sailing well into the harbor in view of all she was observed by many, and so near was she that the voices of her officers, and her hail with the query where to anchor, were plainly heard and marked by their accent as those of islanders. Then from the sight of all she faded away like smoke in the wind. The awe-struck islanders had noted that she was the ship which had wintered in that harbor, and were not surprised to learn later that at the moment the appartion had appeared in their harbor this ship had been lost at sea.

A similar incident is cited in that curious old sea chest *The Log Book.* In the palmy days when the Dutch were bringing home the wealth of the Indies in their ponderous hulls there sailed from Rotterdam in the month of May, 1695, the good ship Van Holt. Voyages were long in those days, and when the Van Holt squared away to the South the tearful wives and anxious merchants of

Rotterdam expected more than one May would pass before the Van Holt was again sighted from their lookout. Time passed with the coming and going of ships, and no news of the Van Holt. Winter storms blew up the channel and down from the Baltic, and one day as the gale was at its height anxious lookouts made a ship in the offing. Straining under storm canvas she was seen to stand for the harbor with the appearance of distress. As she came nearer the familiar hull and rig of the Van Holt were made out, and then in the wrack of clouds or the maw of the sea she was swallowed up. Landmen said she had gone down in the gale, but wise mates lingered over their flagons that night, and told the story of the wraith of the Van Holt. Wherever the Van Holt was that night in her long journey to the stormy cape, it is hardly to be credited that she was off her home port unreported and unexpected, and as no wreckage came ashore and no news of the Van Holt ever came back to Rotterdam it was and is believed that somewhere in the broad ocean the Van Holt was lost on the day her wraith was sighted off the harbor of Rotterdam. (*The Log Book,* 1827, p. 337.)

The British ship Neptune (Captain R. Grant) was reported as an apparition at St. Ives, on the same day that she was wrecked at Gwithian three kilometers distant (*Mélusine,* II, 159), and was spoken the day before on the Cornish coast, disappearing suddenly when a boat attempted to board her (Hunt).

Even the stern divines of Puritan New England in colonial days confessed their belief in the phantom ship. Cotton Mather tells of such a craft which was spoken of from the pulpit in New Haven. A new ship left that port in January 1647, for her maiden trip and was never again heard of. Six months later, after a thunderstorm about an hour before sunset, a ship like her was seen sailing up the river against the wind. Drawing nearer, she gradually disappeared and finally vanished altogether. Thanks were offered in the pulpits of New Haven that God had granted this confirmation of the fears of the townspeople.

A Salem divine of the eighteenth century is reported to have vanquished a similar spectre. A ship cleared on Friday from that port for England, having among her passengers an unknown man and a girl of great beauty. Being unknown and unlike the staid Puritans of Salem, it was feared they were witches or demons, and many refused to sail with them. The ship was lost at sea, and reappeared off Salem after a three-day storm with the strangers

plainly visible on her deck. Before the prayers of the minister the ship faded away. (Drake, *New England Legends.*)

* * *

These instances illustrate the class of apparitions which appear but once, and then in the home harbor, at or about the time of dissolution. There is another widely known class of ship apparitions which return on the anniversary of their wreck, or haunt the place of wreck or the home harbor.

On our own coast such a one is the Alice Marr seen off Cape Ann. She is thus described in E. N. Gunison's *The Fisherman's Own Book*:

"Ever as rolls the year around,
Bringing again her sailing day,
Rises her hull from the depths profound
And slowly cruises the outer bay.

"Not a word of her master's fate,
Only a glimpse of sail and spar,
Not a word of crew and mate—
This is the ghost of the Alice Marr."

An Indian woman in a spectral canoe is seen to plunge over St. Anthony's Falls in the Mississippi River. She is a wife who committed suicide there after a vain journey in search of a recreant husband. (Emerson, *Indian Myths,* p. 149.)

Two pirates are said to appear annually in the Solway. Legend has it that two Danish pirates who had gained their riches and power through a contract with the devil were according to contract finally wrecked there. At the bottom of the harbor these two ships remain intact and fishermen avoid the vicinity for fear they will be drawn down to join the revelling crews. On dark and stormy nights work is done aboard them, and once when a magician struck them with his oar they rose to the surface with all sail set and stood out over Castletown shoals. On the anniversary of their wreck they come in, and re-enact the scenes of their wreck. (Cunningham, *Traditional Tales,* p. 338.)

Danish sailors have long feared such an apparition. It often happens that mariners in the wide ocean see a ship, in all respects resembling a real one, sailing by and at the same instant vanishing from their sight. It is the spectral ship, and forebodes that a vessel will soon go to the bottom on that spot. (Thorpe, *Northern Mythology,* II, 276.) The Flying Dutchman is a similar omen. So the Maoris have often seen a giant war canoe on Lake Tarawera which

disappears when hailed and always foreshadows volcanic eruptions, or other great catastrophes.

French fishermen at Heyst see a phantom ship which they call the Concordia and which is known by its redcapped trucks. On the approach of a tempest this grim monitor passes along the beach from the great dune of Heyst upon the sands lying between the sea and the dunes. Her appearance is rather good than evil as she gives warning to the small coasters and fishermen of approaching danger.[1]

This is one of the most interesting of land and sea ships, of which we speak elsewhere. Hunt cites several such, one being connected with the story of a young man who turned pirate, and whose ghost often appeared in his pirate craft off the harbor in uncanny gales, sailing against wind and tide. Like other sea spectres he is accompanied by a dog. Spectral ships sailing over land and sea were formerly known in Porthcurno harbor, and were said to foretell by their number the strength of an approaching enemy, or the number of wrecks to be expected.

In the Solway appears a spectral ship which marks for destruction the vessel which she approaches. It is the ghostly bark of a bridal party maliciously wrecked, the spectral shallop which always sails by the side of the ship which the sea is bound to swallow. (Cunningham, *Traditional Tales of the English and Scottish Peasantry.*)

A Highland parallel is the Rotterdam, a big ship which was lost with all on board and whose spectral appearance with a ghostly crew is a sure omen of disaster. (Gregor, *Folklore of Northeast of Scotland.*)

Such a ship is also known in Gaspé Bay in the Gulf of St. Lawrence though no portent is drawn from her appearance. She is described as a quaint old-fashioned hull with huge poop and forecastle, and queer rigging. From her ports and cabin windows lights are seen and her decks are crowded with soldiers. An English officer with a lady on his arm stands on the heel of the bowsprit and points shoreward. Suddenly the lights go out, shrieks are heard and the ship disappears. It is said to be the ghost of a flagship of Queen Anne sent to reduce the French forts, and lost with all on board. (Le Moine, *Chronicles of the St. Lawrence,* p. 36.)

[1] A. Harou in *Revue des trad. pop.,* XV, 9; *ibid.,* XVII, 472: "On dit que le navire de feu (Concordia) monté par des hommes rouges part de la dune du Renard et suit la bord de la mer, n'y eut il que deux centimetres d'eau, et pourtant c'est un trois-mâts."

From the same locality come the stories of the ancient caravel which still sails across the Cadelia Flats, and of the spectral light which marks the spot where the privateer Leech was destroyed in Chester Bay.

An ancient Japanese legend gives an account of one of the few actively dangerous phantom ships with the recipe for avoiding her lures. She is an ancient war junk, and her spectral character is made known by her lack of halyards. To be safe one should sail into her, when she will disappear. The sea will be filled with the forms of her men who cry aloud for dippers with which to bail out the sea. The wise fisherman will throw them dippers with pierced bottoms lest they cast the water upon his own ship. (Naryoshi Songery in *Annuaire Soc. Pop. Trad.*, 1887.)

Many spectral ships carry lights, and spectral lights mark the resting-place of wrecked pirates and wizards. Pirates on the coast of Cornwall followed such lights many miles to sea only to have them slip away when approached.

Similar fleeting lights are pointed out by "Maggie of the Shore," a well-known Scotch witch, and such appearances foretell wreck. Near Stanard's Rock in Lake Superior a green light is said to hover over a ship wrecked there, and a figure is seen praying there. It is said that the drowned never rise from this spot.

Along the coast of Cornwall floats the Fraddam witch in a tub formerly used by her in her incantations, with a broom for an oar and a crock for a tender. The unfortunate who see her will soon be drowned. Her tub is to be classed with the fleet of devil ships.

There are several interesting instances in which the spectral ship is a psychopomp or soul-bearer independent of her identity as a ship. Thus near Morlaix in Finisterre they say that lost ships return to haunt the coast with their ghostly crews of the drowned, and these ships are said to grow larger from year to year. (P. Sébillot in *Revue des traditions populaires,* XVI, p. 230.)

Near Dieppe, on the same coast, appeared the "Phantom Boat of All-Souls' Night" and other soul-ships like La Belle Rosalie. (Chapus, *Dieppe et ses environs.*)

French fishermen consider All Soul's Day, *le jour des morts,* a day of bad omen and seldom go to sea upon that day. Fishermen of the south of France fear that on that day they will see unpleasant sights or bring up skulls or bones upon their hooks. (Sébillot, *Le Folk-Lore des Pecheurs.*)

On the coast of Rhode Island is seen the tragic spectre of a burning ship. The apparition is well known as "The Burning Palatine," or the "Block Island Phantom," and is variously accounted for. The best-known story of her is that embodied in Whittier's poem, according to which the Palatine was a Dutch emigrant ship bearing many well-to-do Hollanders bound for Philadelphia. The captain was killed by a mutinous crew who starved and robbed the passengers. The ship was cast upon Block Island, and since that day the spectre of a burning ship has frequently appeared.

"And the wise Sound skippers, though skies be fine
Reef their sails when they see the sign
Of the blazing wreck of the Palatine."

Another legend told by Whittier is of the "Dead Ship of Harpswell," seen off Orr's Island on the Maine coast:

"What weary doom of baffled quest,
Thou sad sea-ghost, is thine?
What makes thee in the haunts of home
A wonder and a sign?
No foot is on thy silent deck,
Upon thy helm no hand;
No ripple hath the soundless wind
That smites thee from the land.

"For never comes the ship to port,
Howe'er the breeze may be;
Just when she nears the waiting shore
She drifts again to sea.
No tack of sail, nor turn of helm,
Nor sheer of veering side;
Stern-fore she drives to sea and night
Against the wind and tide.

"Shake, brown old wives, with dreary joy,
Your grey-head hints of ill;
And over sick beds whispering low
Your prophecies fulfil.
Some home amid yon birchen trees
Shall drape its doors with woe;
And slowly, where the Dead Ship sails,
The burial boat shall row."

Closely allied to these spectres which haunt the home port or the place of disaster are the many ghostly ships seen only at long intervals or raised by magic. Such is the spectral lugger with all sail set, seen on a pool on Lizard Promontory in Cornwall (Bottrell,

Traditions and Hearthside Stories of West Cornwall) and the spectral smuggler seen near Penrose on the moor in a spectral sea.

In the Canadian story of the La Chasse Galerie, Sebastian Lacelle is said to have been an Indian who was to have married Zoe de Mersac in the year 1780. The day before that set for the wedding he went hunting and was lost. Since that time he has been seen passing over Askin Point on the Canadian shore, his spectral canoe buoyed in clouds, his coming announced by the barking of his dog Chasseur. (Hamlin, *Legends of le Detroit,* p. 126.)

Such spectral canoes served in Canadian fancy to bring the spirits of living lonely trappers and voyageurs from the vast wilderness of the West to join their friends and families on Christmas eve.

> "Then after Pierre and Telesphore have danced 'Le Caribou'
> Some hardy trapper tells a tale of the dreaded Loup Garou
> Or phantom bark in moonlit heavens, with prow turned toward the East,
> Bringing the western voyageurs to join the Christmas feast."

Near Prenden in the Baltic is often seen a phantom fisherboat with nets spread. When approached it disappears. (Kuhn and Schwartz, *Norddeutsche Sagen,* p. 78.)

So there are vague rumors that the Griffin, La Salle's first sail on the Great Lakes, suffers from the curse of Metiomek, and is still cruising in northern Lake Michigan.

Columbus was accused by mutineers of having summoned the ghost of a caravel with Escobar in command. Fairy literature has many such examples. In an Ojibway tale a fairy Lohengrin in a spectral canoe appears at the moment when a maiden is to be sacrificed to the spirit of the falls, and acts as her substitute by drifting over them. (Lanman, *How-hoo-noo.*)

There yet remains that large group of spectral appearances which may well be classed as optical illusions. A few instances will suffice to illustrate their nature and circumstances.

An Ayr legend of the early eighteenth century tells of a ship called the Golden Thistle which, having unsatisfactory winds, stopped at the Isle of Skye, and there procured from a witch a bag of winds tied with human hair. Sailing away thus equipped she passed near the Blue Crag of Ailsa. Here in the spectral dawn the superstitious captain, deceived by the reflection of his own ship, made hail, and the crag re-echoed his name and destination. The terrified man believed he had seen the wraith of his own ship, and soon died in the delirium of brain fever. (*The Log Book,* p. 293.)

A spectral ship often seen at sea proves on approach to be a rock, and is believed to have been a slave ship thus transformed by a magician who killed all the negroes and jumped overboard. (Schmidt, *Seemanns-Sagen und Schiffer-Märchen.*)

Explorers of the French Geographical Society encountered in Africa the belief in such an apparition which was so real that they were obliged to secure the services of a fetich doctor. This apparition appears before sunrise during the rainy season in Lake Z'Onangue. A great ship with many masts seems to come from the enchanted or sacred islands in the middle of the lake. After some minutes many white men are seen to ascend her shrouds; guns are fired and the ship disappears. The natives say this tells the presence of a ship at Cape Lopez. The fetich doctor from the bow of the explorer's boat offered brandy and biscuit to appease the enraged spirit of the islands. (*Bulletin de la Soc. Geog.,* 1889, p. 304.)

A fatal apparition known a century ago as the Black Trader is said to have foretold by the number of lights burning along her deserted decks the number of lives demanded of the ship which was unfortunate enough to sight her. (*Log Book,* p. 99.)

When the Melanesians saw ships for the first time they believed them to belong to ghosts and to foretell famine (Codrington, *The Melanesians*) and the first ship apparition of Europe was a plague ship.

Captain Slocum, the well-known "Single-hander," thus describes an incident of his return in a canoe from the South Atlantic where his ship the Aquidneck had been wrecked: "A phantom of the stately Aquidneck appeared on night sweeping by with crowning sky sails, that brushed the stars. No apparition could have affected us more than the sight of this floating beauty gliding swiftly and quietly by from some foreign port. She too was homeward bound. This incident of the Aquidneck's ghost, as it appeared to us passing at midnight on the sea, left a pang of lonesomeness."

Without further multiplication of instances, we may look into the psychology of the belief and its physical explanations. That it still holds a powerful place in the minds of men, there can be no doubt. Poor and industrious as are the fishermen of the Flemish coast, they seldom venture out on All Souls' Day because of the living fear of such an apparition. They say that on that day, November 2, there appears near the shore a spectral fisherman who will carry away forever in his nets all the living who look upon him (*Rev. tr. pop.,* XV, 317; cf. Kuhn und Schwartz, *Norddeutsche*

Sagen, 78). Prayers, incantations, and amulets are still employed the world over to defend against such mischances.

The cases we have cited may well be divided into three classes: spectres which haunt the place of disaster and death; spectres and apparitions which appear at various times and in various places; and apparitions admitted to be optical illusions.

Of the first class we have seen that the attendant circumstances are similar to those reported in connection with accounts of ghosts which appear in and about the abiding place of the individual in his lifetime. One theory advanced by psychology to explain these apparitions is the theory of the projected self or the embodied thought. May we then extend this theory to the wraiths of inanimate things? The scientific theory of phantoms of the dead is not mere metaphysical dogma, but is founded upon a wealth of well-attested data gathered by trustworthy observers.

It appears from a scrutiny of this material that such apparitions are in almost every case the wraiths of those who have died violent deaths under circumstances of great distress and excitement. "The phantom of the dead is produced under the most favorable circumstances. The objective senses are being closed in death. The emotions attending a death by violence are necessarily of the most intense character. The desire to acquaint the world with the circumstances attending the tragedy is overwhelming. The message is not for a single individual, but to all whom it may concern." (Hudson, *The Law of Psychic Phenomena,* p. 300.)

These being the conditons, it is suggested in theory that this thought upon which the agonized mortal centers for the moment his very being, somehow takes material embodiment by reason of its very intensity. If we accept this theory of embodied thought as an explanation of human ghosts, may we not logically extend the reasoning to the ship-spectres we have noted?

We find that the human ghost is clothed as in life, and has all the material accoutrements of its human original. We read of the ghost of a drowned sailor appearing at the bedside of his mother overseas, his yellow oilskins dripping with brine. We read that on the eve of the dissolution of some fine ship her form was seen off her home port.

If we say that the death struggle of the sailor lad brought forth that all-conquering agony of purpose to communicate for the last time with the distant mother, and that that thought took form in the ghostly visitor at her side, may we not say the same for the

ship? Certain it is that in the hour of wreck and death the scores of hapless passengers and sailors turn with an agony of yearning toward the familiar home harbor they may never see again. Their very souls strain with that desire to carry over seas the news of the terrible ending of the voyage.

I am aware that this theory of the embodied thought sounds very Platonic and metaphysical, and that it leaves pertinent queries unanswered. Another theory more readily grasped would account for the phantasms of the dead on the hypothesis of the visualization of a telepathic message received by the subjective mind. In the present state of psychology we may consider either right, or both wrong, or find a Scotch verdict, as we will.

Of the class of wandering and recurrent ships, we can only say that perhaps they lie midway between the real wreck-wraith and the optical illusion. The optical illusion finds its explanation in the well-known phenomena of refraction, mirages, and looming. Aside from these, however, there are many other phenomena of the daily life of the sailor which readily form the basis for such belief. Sea novelists have painted terrors which seem fantastic to landsmen, but which have for the sailor the full force of sober truth. In the uncanny spectral nights of the tropics when the sea burns with phosphorescence, and the sounds of creaking timbers and idle blocks echo like spirit voices, small wonder that the burdened eye of the sailor sees unearthly visions and his strained ear hears unearthly voices. What sailor who has boarded a derelict green with the deathdamp, or an abandoned ship whose silent forecastle and empty falls tell their story of mutiny or despair can ever get the grewsome vision out of his eye? What lookout who has started from his doze to see a lofty ship pass silently across his bows without sound or hail can ever forget the stifling terror of his fears, or drown the thought that he has seen a phantom? Sight and sound alow and aloft are to the sailor as trail and track to the woodsman, eloquent of meaning. His perception in times of calm or storm is open wide to the slightest sound or sight that may foretell coming change. To this consciousness cloud and mist shapes, mirages, and the thousand sights and sounds of the ever shifting panorama bring many extraordinary and inexplicable things, which are stored away in memory, and find their expression in the tenacity with which sailors cling to their belief in the "supernatural."

THE SERPENT JUNK.

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A HIGH-STERNED junk, not unlike the smaller caravels of Columbus, lay idly by the shores near Foochow enveloped in the mists of morning. Marshbirds discovered her by the light of dawn and flew away shrilly crying. She was a stout and ancient craft, tawny from sheer to garboard with the mud of great rivers, black with the smoke of the pot-fires of decades, weary with the buffetings of countless storms from Tientsin to Rangoon. Her sails were furled and her hemp cable dripped and slatted under the bows. Voices arose from her decks and figures appeared wavering in the thin smoke of morning fires. Captain and crew, shivering in the gray fog, crouched about yellow breakfast bowls upon the deck under an awning of mats. A macaw jeered and scolded from the rail.

Shoreward a voice was heard and the straining of oars in rowlocks, and as the captain stepped to the rail he was hailed from a boat alongside.

"Aye," he replied, "we are bound for the south country. We go to Hong Kong with many measures of rice." A tall North Chinaman with wisps of hair upon his chin stood up in the boat and spoke in a slow deep voice.

"Back toward the hills," he said, "where the sun has not yet come, but a few *li* from Foochow, we set a trap for the great tiger. This morning we heard noises, and coming to the cage found in it a hideous serpent that goes upon

his belly and upon short legs. His eyes are dead, and upon his head are horns. At first we were afraid, but the cage is mighty for strength, and he cannot escape. If the captain who braves the terrors of the great water is not afraid of serpents we will pay him many candareens to take the cage to Canton where the princely heads of the Hongs will pay much money."

The sun rose clear and strong above the eastern sea, and the brave morning wind filled the lungs of the captain and gave him fresh courage. "We will see your serpent," he said, "and if the cage is strong and your money rings true, he goes south with me." The captain slipped out of his padded jacket and into a stout coat and went quietly over the side into the boat. Pulling ashore, they dragged the heavy boat upon the beach and made their way to the lonely valley where the cage was. They looked in, very frightened, upon the prisoner, and he seemed small and not so terrible in the sunlight, and they forgot their fears and laughed at him. They threw thick matting over the cage, and lashing bamboo poles to it, bore it down to the boat and pulled out to the junk. The end of a cargo whip was made fast and in a moment the cage was on deck. There they lashed it at the foot of the mainmast, and as the serpent lay quietly and watched them, one man grew terrified, and jumping into the water swam ashore and fled, and so the captain hastily hoisted the hunter's boat aboard and made sail, and stood across the bar.

Overhead arched the great squaresail with its curiously laced parts depending from the crossed yardarm. Across the mizzen spread the antennae of a smaller sail, yellow and smoke-begrimed. A fresh wind from the northeast tumbled the turbid and opaque waters of the Yellow Sea, and rolled the mists from the shores of far-off Formosa. The yards were squared over with much shouting and running about, and the lumbering craft soon stood to the

southward bounding heavily through the short seas. All day the wind grew in force, and to leeward appeared hard-edged and oily clouds that seemed stationary above an indistinct horizon.

The wind veered into the east toward afternoon, and seemed to scud now north, now south, of the high shores of the island. The smoke of steamers on the horizon streamed away in hard diverging lines, and fast-flying clouds seemed to brood lower and lower as they approached the southern shores of the mainland. Off-shore birds flew low and rapidly, and the sullen dirty sea fretted and tossed in the great channel as though it would escape some coming foe. The master of the junk felt the growing portents, and toward night directed his course to the westward toward the dim shores about Amoy.

With the night came a few brilliant stars in the cloud-swept sky, the vast edifices of the south rising and expanding in ominous blackness. Short sail was put upon the junk and all made snug and fast before the hot breath of the storm should come out of the south.

The water lay for a hushed second oily and metallic under the first blinding flash, then broke in brazen chaos under the continued blaze of light and the trip-hammers of tremendous thunder.

The junk reeled in torment and her torn sails lashed themselves into shreds. By her after house huddled the crew, powerless in panic, and blinded by the lightning. Great waves swept clean her forward deck, and only the sturdy mizzen which kept her head to wind saved her from their trough. Through the groans of the stricken ship, and above the thundering of the storm emerged of a sudden a new and more terrible tremor, that seemed to transfix the already fearful crew and stop their very hearts. All the depths of their superstitious natures stirred in an agony of apprehension. Was that the voice of the storm-devil

himself come to mock them? They were poor and simple sailors who observed all the rules for the avoidance of devils. Had they offended the storm demons?

A great wave lifted itself resistless and indolent above the bows of the junk. For a moment she bravely stood it off, and at the instant a brighter flash revealed the dread panorama of sea and sky and the terror-bound crew cowering by the rail of their lonely and menaced craft, which seemed the center of a disordered universe. Right overhead appeared a hard-bodied flying cloud whose surface seemed white in the lightning and in whose wake streamed a black tail as of some dead and fateful comet. Their staring eyes were set upon this evil cloud, when the hoarse and raucous sound, half scream, half roar, once more blared forth, and they saw in the fierce light the broken bars of the cage and the horrid body of the serpent, emerging from his prison. The eyes were as festering pools in some foul desert, lusterless and dead, and above the slimy neck the head seemed raised in the half light to the level of the menacing cloud that was sweeping by and that mingled its vapors with the noxious breath of the monster. During that moment of awful visions, when death from wave, monster and storm glared at them as in the light of day, the crew seemed to cling to life only by virtue of that tenacity which marks the sailor of every race. The gulf of darkness that succeeded swallowed up their fears with the great wave, the vision of the monster and the storm cloud, and as the little craft sturdily surmounted the crest of the following wave, so rose their confidence and fortitude, self-assertive and buoyant, and they took heart and prepared to defend themselves.

Succeeding flashes and the coming of dawn showed that the center of the storm had passed, and revealed an empty cage and no trace of the serpent. But they were still in the grasp of the supernatural, and moved warily

toward the shattered cage, and from its broken bars along the deck which seemed still quaking with the violence of its punishment. The scoured planks gave no spoor or sign, but presently a sailor found an open hatch, and clapping the cover upon its coamings yelled shrilly that the terrible beast was below. A short spar was lashed over the hatch cover, and safe for the moment all hands set resolutely to overhauling rigging and canvas. For the moment habit and routine triumphed over even the terrors of hell and only the pangs of an awakening hunger brought back their thoughts to the monster in the hold. Well-nigh stupefied they were when with the building of the galley fire came the sudden realization that under that barred hatch where the escaped horror glowered in the darkness lay all their rice and fish and vegetables, their lychee and ginger and curry, and even their casks of water.

Formosa lay far off, and a brave off-shore wind from the coast of Fokien cut off the possibility of a speedy run to the mainland. Starvation and the miseries of thirst stared at them from the barred hatch, and the dragon seemed to guard the most precious hoard in the world. His death alone could open the way to that treasure which their life demanded, and with stern sailor minds they turned over and over the terrible chances.

"A thousand taels of silver to him who kills the little snake," said the Captain. "Now he is unable to hurt any one. His back is broken by the great wave, and he is afraid of a brave man."

Tai Wan, the burly Amoy mate who had so long had his desires hovering about a certain stout and gaudy junk, seemed to see her in his grasp at last, to see her yellow sails rise at his word, to be walking proudly her after-deck clad in a padded silk jacket with endless sleeves. To him rallied a young sailor from Shanghai, and together they prepared to face the terrors of the forehold. Tapers and

little squares of prayer-paper were burned in silence, outer clothes discarded, and short sharp swords prepared. Like those pilgrims of the east who, approaching the holy city of their dreams, advance in pride of conquest and devotion and yet falter and retreat in superstitious fear at their temerity and the vastness of their undertaking, so these hardy men in the crisis of their lives advanced and faltered and advanced again, impelled by the love of life and the hope of reward, and terror-maimed by the fears of the unknown powers of this evil messenger of storm and death.

The barred hatch-cover was lifted on its edge, and stealthily the two approached the black and fateful square. Nothing was to be seen below in the darkness into which they peered. Then of a sudden their swords flashed as a fearful head upreared itself slowly above the coaming. With fear-drawn faces they drew back, then rushed upon it with uplifted blades. But their blows never fell. Out of the fetid nostrils of the beast issued a cloud of noxious breath that broke upon them with the suddenness of tropic night, encircled them in the roaring of a thousand tempests and drifted lazily on to leeward over their stricken forms. The tackles of the hatch were let go by the run and it closed over the retreating head. So quickly had the moment passed that but for the broken bodies on deck there seemed no hold for memory to reconstruct it. No man approached the dead comrades. No man was ready to take up the fallen sword of the dragon slayer; none dared approach within reach of that death-dealing breath. Like some desert dwellers whose one spring has been poisoned, they turned their faces away from their temporary home and counted the chances of escape across the gray waste to a new store of food and drink. No one in the cowering group but knew the meaning of the alternatives which now faced him. If they remained on board there

was ever present death, but a plank removed, and who knew at what moment the monster that was glutting himself upon their stores would burst the deck and involve them in nameless death. The only shore the junk could reach in a short time was the rocky and pirate-haunted island to the westward of the straits, and beyond lay the mighty and unknown sunrise sea.

So slowly and sadly they launched their one small boat, unprovisioned and ill-equipped, frail and unseaworthy, and dropped into her and turned her bow to windward toward the low shores of China to the westward. Great as their danger was and keenly as they felt the loss of ship and cargo, they yet experienced a sense of relief as they pushed off from the stricken junk and left behind the living terror which she embodied. Sea and winds and the fortunes of life they could meet and face as sailors, but who could brave the spirit of death itself? From the craft that had so long meant home and life they shrank with dread and curses and left her lonely and unmanned, outwardly serene and buoyant yet pregnant with unearthly horrors dipping sullenly away in the gathering night.

No man knows the fate of the unhappy junk, whether she still carries her foul passenger and cruises restlessly up and down the stormy yellow seas, or whether her ribs are bleaching long since upon some lonely strand. Some say she cruises still and is waiting for a captain. So it comes that when the watch has hailed some half-seen junk along that foggy coast and got no answer, or fishermen or coasters find a hulk upon some deserted shore, the terrible story of the serpent-junk is told, and the wise sailor goes not near.

NOTES ON DEVIL SHIPS.

The dragon, serpent or snake is the most interesting creature in the range of mythological fauna. Knights and heralds emblazon him on cloth of gold; troubadour and bard sing his story; painter and sculptor depict his varying forms; folklorist and philologist record his ancient lineage. Our story of the Dragon Junk is peculiarly typical of the class of devil ships, because to the student of folk tales there can be no more significant symbol or embodiment of evil than the dragon or serpent. The Junk of the story is the very spirit of evil moving upon the face of the waters, a terror so real that it conquers even cupidity and curiosity.

Before speaking of the dragon in China, let us see what is said of him elsewhere. In India he is Ahi, the bold rain cloud who defiantly throws his dark coils across the clear sky, the abode of Indra, Lord of the bright firmament. Indra is "Lord of the virtuous," and being thus defied attacks Ahi and forces him to give up the rain which he is withholding from the parched Indian fields. "Him the God struck with Indra-might and set free the all gleaming water for the use of men." We read in the Rigveda: "I will sing the ancient exploits by which flashing Indra is distinguished. He has struck Ahi; he has scattered the waters on the earth; he has unlocked the torrents of the heavenly mountains, he has struck Ahi, who lurked in the bosom of the celestial mountains, he has struck him with that sounding weapon wrought for him by Twachtri; and the waters like cattle rushing to their stable, have poured down on the earth." In Persia similar myths related to Ahriman, the counterpart of Ahi, who entered heaven in the shape of a dragon and was conquered by Mithra, and of whom it was said, that like the serpent of Apocalyptic vision, he should be bound for three thousand years and burned at the end of the world in melted metal.

Ahi, the Indian serpent, is not dead and cannot die. His dreadful name lurks in the dark corners of our daily speech and crawls horribly across our written pages. The root of his name is *ah* or *amh,* which in Sanskrit signifies to press together, to choke, to throttle. As *amhas* it became the Sanskrit word for *sin,* as did its Greek parallel *agos.* Latin forms coming down to us from the same root have left *angina,* that strangling affection we call quinsy, and *angor,* a choking wrath. The Latin adjectives *angustus* meaning

narrow, and *anxious,* signifying uneasy, are from the same root, and the snaky defiles of a strait were called *angustiae,* and were indeed *anguish* for the sailor before the day of steam.

Aschmogh, the infernal serpent of the book of the Avesta, and Asmodeus, the demon described in the Apocryphal book of Tobit, and who in the Talmud is said to have driven Solomon from his kingdom, are related to this same Ahi who defied the might of Indra.

This Indra-might is the sword of the lightning which cleaves the storm cloud and sets free the waters to irrigate the parched fields. These clouds are significantly spoken of as the shadowy cloud hills of Sambara. To a people living in the foot-hills, the ideas of cloud and mountain top are always closely associated. The cloud-demon rests upon his lair, the mountain, and the pent-up waters from his pierced entrails rush forth in the mighty mountain torrents. So Sambara, meaning the storer of happiness, came in time of drought to be looked upon as the thief of happiness and of that wealth of rain without which an agricultural people are lost. In the Babylonian Nimrod Epic we have some description of this enemy of mankind.

> "Tiamat was the (great) dragon!
> Bel in heaven had shaped (his form).
> Fifty kasbu is his length, one kasbu (his breadth?)
> Half a rod (?) his mouth."

"Marduk is the hero who saved the world. He stirred up the cloud, the storm, (and the hurricane), set before him the seal of his life, and he slew the dragon....For three years and three months, day and (night), The blood of the dragon flowed...." (Tr. Muss-Arnolt).

We may expect then to find in the later development of this primitive story of combat that concrete forms will be given to this enemy of the Indian farmer, and to the wealth he hoards. Compare the battles of the Persian Mithra and Ahriman, the Babylonian Marduk and Tiamat, the Greek Apollo and Python, the Persian Feridun and Zohak, the Teutonic Siegfried and Fafner, the Anglo-Saxon Beowulf and Grendal, St. George and the Dragon, and the story of Indra will shed a bright light upon them. In the low countries, the serpent is out of reach of his mountain home and takes refuge beneath water, Grendal in a marsh, Fafner in the Rhine. And so the old significance of the rain hoard is forgotten,

and we find Saxon and Goth dazzled by the gold of looted Italy telling that the prize to be won from the dragon is a prize of gold. So did the savagery of the age pollute even the fountains of tradition.

Northern mythology seems to have borrowed the dragon from the east, as we read in the older sagas that the adventurous hero who brings back the sword of the lightning does battle with a king of darkness or some slumbering viking. Thus, in the saga of Hromund Greipson, the hero descends into a barrow to find the old viking, King Thrain, before whom swings a kettle of red flames. This old king is surrounded by the plunder of a marauding life. In the Barda saga, the hero finds King Baknar fifty fathoms underground in a great dragon ship with five hundred men about him. The hero despoils him of his treasure and his sword, and we may imagine him emerging from the gloom of night to return to earth with the wealth of sunlight and rain, which are made available to man by the magic sword of the lightning. Sigurd fights with Fafner, a creature half dragon and half man, but in other northern stories, such as the Gull-Thoris saga, we find a full-fledged oriental dragon with scales and wings. The serpent witnessed by Amadis of Gaul on Firm Island, carried away two lions in his mouth. "Loud hissings were heard from the cave and a hot wind came forth therefrom and there issued out a great serpent into the middle of the hall, so fierce and terrible that none dared look on him, and he breathed smoke from his mouth and nostrils and lashed the ground with his tail so that the whole palace shook." (*Amadis of Gaul,* Chap. XXI.)

St. George, like a later Indra, does battle with a dragon which guards a spring of water for which the land is famishing. Another version of his deed is that he delivered a princess from a monster about to devour her, much as Perseus delivered Andromeda from the serpent in the Greek fable.

Returning to China, we find that popular belief has found there a multitude of forms and attributes for the dragon. In Europe, snake and dragon are often confused, but in China the snake is real and the dragon mythologic. Like the dragon of Europe he is figured with wings, horns, scales and a long tail. Usually he has his home in some mountain, and in this connection we recall that the ancient Aryan name for cloud and mountain was the same. His storm character is plainly shown in the fear of his noxious breath, the storm wind, and in certain local sayings. Thus in Canton, a

violent gust of wind passing over during a typhoon is spoken of as *tun mi lung,* the bob-tailed dragon. (Dennys, *Folklore of China,* 109.)

Chinese pilots, observing that the cooks of the Dutch ambassadors were lighting a fire for dinner, begged the ambassadors, upon their knees, not to do so, because there was a spirit in the Lake of Po-Yang in the form of a dragon, or a big fish, whose power was world-wide, and whose abhorrence for the odor of roast or boiled viands was such that if he got the slightest smell of them, he would start a tempest which would surely sink their vessels. (Sébillot, *Legendes croyances et superstitions de la mer,* I, 280.) The demon of tempest named Keke-Mung lives in the mountain of day. It has the body of a man with a dragon head. It walks continually at the bottom of the River Chang, and if it comes to the surface there is at once a violent tempest or rain. In Chinese lore tigers caused storms and the Chinese wind-god had steel claws and a tigerish countenance. (Bassett, *Legends and Traditions of the Sea,* p. 124.) We are reminded that Pasht, the Egyptian goddess, was cat-headed, that Hecate and Diana both assumed the form of cats, that Freya was attended by cats, and that Friday, her day, is still considered an evil day. English sailors called the first marks of storm upon the sea, "cat's paws."

In Japanese legend the sun-goddess gives to her son Nirigi, whom she sends to rule the earth, three precious gifts, namely, a mirror, a sword of divine temper which her brother had taken from the tail of an eight-headed dragon which he had slain, and a ball of crystal.

We shall see in the discussion of the death voyage that the sea, as the place of crossing for souls, has always been a place of trials and terrors. Its frightful inhabitants, its terrible storms and the deception in its changing moods from smiling peace to devastating storm, naturally fill the mind with the germs of those beliefs in which the sea bears a bad name. Talmudic legend asserts that the devils have been angry ever since the creation because at that time man was given dominion over the beings in the sea. They considered the sea as a region of tempest and unrest to be peculiarly theirs with all its contents. But though they lost entire dominion of the sea they have always had full power over the winds and a great deal of control over the waters themselves. Plutarch says the sea is consecrated to Typhoeus, the sun-swallowing dragon

(*Iside et Osiride,* ed. Rieske, 435), who may be considered the personification of evil, as was the Norse Aegir. The Finns believe the sea to be inhabited by witches, and sailors believe generally that a Finn can control the winds. (Dana, *Two years Before the Mast;* Abercromby, *Pre- and Proto-Historic Finns,* I. p. 301.)

Early navigators feared the great hand of Satan would rise out of the depths of the ocean to destroy them, so also Malays, Jews, Turks and Japanese commit sins and diseases to the sea. This almost universal conception of the solvent and magic power of seawater is a key to a vast amount of religious ritual. Running water of streams is an ever present force which bears away that which is confided to it, and its solvent powers have the elements of magic. The running stream flows to the sea, so that ultimately all of the burdens of the stream are carried to the sea. Indeed, according to primitive philosophy, the sea and streams are one, as streams are supposed to find their way from the sea to their springs by underground channels, losing their saltiness on the way. (Seneca, *De aquis,* III, 4.)

We recall the description in the Iliad of the commitment of a plague to the sea, and find that salt water was considered more efficacious than fresh for all purposes of lustration. Thus holy water as used in the eastern and western churches derives part of its virtue from an admixture of salt. It follows that if the sea contains in solution all of the sins, evils and secrets committed to it, it may render them up again, and it thus becomes a possessor of terrible power.

In ancient as in modern times it was believed that the sea would cast up the victim before his murderer.

The idea of the solvent power of water and its ability to give up curses is curiously illustrated in the test of adultery given in Numbers v. 23: "And the priest shall write these curses in a book and he shall blot them out into the water of bitterness; and he shall make the woman drink the water of bitterness that causeth the curse; and the water that causeth the curse shall enter into her and become bitter."

Moses doubtless had some such idea in mind when he caused the Israelites to drink a solution of the brazen calf, so as permanently to fix their transgression upon them:

"And it came to pass, as soon as he came nigh unto the camp, that he saw the calf and the dancing; and Moses' anger waxed hot, and he cast the tables out of his hands, and brake them be-

neath the mount. And he took the calf, which they had made, and burnt it with fire and ground it to powder, and strewed it upon the water and made the children of Israel drink of it." Ex. xxxii. 19-20.

In the Greek church baptismal water is poured after the ceremony into the sea, or into a receptacle called the sea (θάλασσα).

The Burgundians are said to be the first people who used salt water for baptism, and in Brandenburg if a child is baptized in fresh water it will certainly have red hair.

Christian baptism bears thus a reminder of early beliefs, as do the amulets worn by Christians to keep them from drowning. The belief in the evil spirits of the sea is so strong, even to-day, that many a sailor loses his life because his comrades fear to attempt the rescue of a drowning man lest they should anger the demons of the sea. The sea must have its prey and if cheated of it the rescuer will be fated to take the place of the intended victim. (W. Gregor in *Folk Lore,* 1885; *Proceedings. R. Ant. Soc. of Scotland,* X, 713; Ellen Guthrie in *Folk Lore,* VII, 44.) Such cases among sailing and fishing folk are not uncommon. The belief is almost universal that the drowned are damned beyond hope, or at least until their bodies are recovered and buried on land.

In all ages, ships have been personified even as we say "she," and have therefore acquired the attributes of good and evil. Ships, as well as men, have always been considered subject to "possession" and enchantment, and have been lucky or unlucky. Every sailor knows that a lucky ship will go scatheless through tempest and tide rip, while an unlucky ship cannot be trusted without an anchor watch.

Let us refer briefly to the best known legends of demon ships in order to see what forms these ideas have assumed. The first boats seen by Melanesians were believed to belong to ghosts and to foretell famine. (Codrington, *The Melanesians.*) Perhaps the oldest European legend of phantom ships is of brazen barks seen off infected ports during the great plague in Roman times. These were veritable devil ships, whose crews were black and headless demons (Assemani, *Bibliotheca Orientalis,* II, p. 86). An echo of this old story is found in the English variant, in which the Flying Dutchman is said to be a Dutch ship upon which the plague fell as a punishment for piracy and murder. Since then she is denied all ports and her appearance is a bad omen. (*Melusine,* II, p. 159.) All punishment ships partake of the nature of these devil ships.

In Cornwall they tell of a cloudship in which the devil carried away a wizard.

A Venetian legend of the fourteenth century tells of a huge Saracen galley manned by demons which once threatened the city and was repulsed by St. Mark, St. George and St. Nicholas. (Sanuto, *Vite dei duchi di Venezia.*) A lurid painting by Giorgione commemorates this triumph of the church.

French legend describes a ship built by Satan out of wood cast on his own lands. This ship smelled of sulphur and sowed a pest for a hundred miles about her. Satan gathered into this ship many lost souls. In this ship Satan gloated and made merry, beside committing many piracies, which so enraged St. Elmo that he pierced her hull. Satan was barely able to save himself by swimming. "So when the night is dark and the air warm the ship burns again, the smell of sulphur is noticed and flames mount to the sky." (Dubarry, "Roman d'un Balanier," in *Mélusine,* Aug. 1884.)

This is an evident explanation of St. Elmo's fires and other electrical and phosphorescent phenomena, which are the basis of a multitude of sailor beliefs. It is allied to the many accounts of witch fires at sea, particularly that of Pomeranian sailors who ascribe such lights to the devil sailing in a burning cask of tar. The cloud-riding Valkyries became witches after the fall of Odhinn and are now often seen at sea in strange craft. This again calls attention to the mythologic identity of sea and sky, cloud and ship. The sieve identified in all folklore with the cloud is their proper craft and is often employed, but very frequently they sail in egg-shells and wreck ships. Leland in his *Gypsy Sorcery and Fortune Telling* (p. 72) says:

> "You must break the shell to bits for fear
> Lest the witches should make it a boat, my dear,
> For over the seas away from home
> Far by night the witches roam."

Dutch, Russian and English folklore makes frequent mention of the use of egg-shells by witches.

> "The devil should think of purchasing that egg-shell,
> To victual out a witch for the Bermoothes."
> (Beaumont and Fletcher, "Women Pleased," 1647.)

There is a Norse tale of a captain who outwitted the devil on a contract for favorable winds, and thus saved his ship and his soul. This captain had always had a fair wind for the asking, but

his contract with the devil was about to expire. One of its terms was that his ship should always be kept sound and dry. On the last day of the contract, the captain had his carpenter bore two holes in the ship's bottom and drive the pumps into them so that the North Sea rose in the pump wells full seven feet. When the devil came to claim him, the captain insisted that he pump the wells dry. After days of pumping without lowering the water in the pump wells, the devil gave it up and went home to his grandmother to take a rest. (Dasent, *Tales from the Fjeld,* p. 226.)

Sieves and egg-shells are not the only favorite craft of witches and devils. Norse and Icelandic legends say that the devil is saving the nails of the dead with which to build a ship, and it is therefore wise to keep one's nails pared and to destroy the parings. We read in the prose Edda that this ship will be launched at the end of the world.

"The ship Naglefara is set afloat. This vessel is constructed of the nails of dead men, for which reason great care should be taken not to die with unpared nails; for he who dies so supplies material toward the building of that vessel which gods and men will wish were finished as late as possible."

The significance of the material out of which Naglfar is built, is somewhat obscure, but points to a sort of ritual of the dead which if neglected would be weighted against the deceased in the hall of the judges at the "Thing of the Dead." So the uncared-for dead in the tumultuous last days of the world, the "dagger and axe age," hasten the building of Naglfar. The psychology of the myth is closely related to that of the growing ships of the French coast.

In the Völuspa saga we read:

"Naglfar becomes loose,
A ship comes from the east,
The hosts of Ruispel
Come o'er the main;
Loki is pilot."

This great ship was supposed to be moored or made fast near the island upon which Loki was enchained, and to be ready to receive him and the wolf Fenrer when they break their bonds on Ragnarök and are ready for battle with the gods.

One of the most interesting of all these tales of evil ships comes from the diary of an early Arabic traveler who speaks as an eye-witness. While in the Maldive islands he saw at night a great ship hung with lanterns which the natives drove away by beating

upon copper vessels and repeating verses from the Koran. This was said to be a demon who appeared every month in this form. "When they saw him, it was their custom to dress up a young woman who was a virgin. She was left in a temple." He writes that this offering will last until the natives are converted to Islamism. The apparition will continue to appear but will then lose power. (Ibn Bat'out'ah, *Voyages,* IV, p. 126.)

The great ship reported by Sauvé from Lower Brittany of which we have spoken in connection with the tales about giant ships is a true devil ship. The men are reprobates tortured by demons in the form of dogs. This is the greatest of devil ships and contrasts sharply with the other giant ships of the same waters which are places of reward for good sailors.

On the Flemish coast appears a fisher of men. On the day of All Souls this *pecheur fantastique* appears along the shore, casts his nets and carries away in it all the living who see him. So great is the fear of him that few fishermen will venture out on this day. Most of these demon ships are not conceived to have been built by human hands, but many, as in the case of our evil junk, are said to have been so built and to have fallen afterward into the power of devils or witches. Of this class we have an early example in the legend in the sagas in which Geirood sets adrift the boat from which he had just landed, with the words: "Go hence, in the power of the evil spirits," and thus the spectral ship has since cruised.

Some magic vessels cannot be built without the use of charms. Thus Wainamoinen tells his brother, the iron-artist Ihnarinen in the Finnish epic, that he has by such means constructed his charmed ship.

> "I have learned of words a hundred,
> Learned a thousand incantations,
> Hidden deep for many ages—
> Learned the words of ancient wisdom,
> Found the keys of secret doctrine,
> Found the lost words of the Master."

Crawford, in his introduction to the metrical translation of the Kalevala, suggests that in the three "lost words of the Master" are found, apparently, the remote vestiges of ancient masonry. The magic vessel thus fashioned by the hero was painted blue and scarlet, her forecastle trimmed with gold and her prow with molten silver. Her sails were of blue, white and scarlet linen, but she was self-

impelled and needed neither sails nor oars. In her the hero sought the mystic maiden of Sarivla. It is to be noted that before seeking the magic words from Wipmen the magician, the hero sought them in vain from the dead, that is from the brain of the white squirrel and the throat of the white swan. His vessel is not a devil ship however, but one in the power of amiable spirits. The hero had another magic boat made from the handle of a poniard.

This is but one of a vast number of ships said to be "possessed" or enchanted. Witches, wizards and devils have but to cast their spell upon a craft and it becomes an instrument for their purposes. A Corsican tale serves to illustrate this class of bewitched craft. A fisherman suspecting that his boat is being used at night, secretes himself and is carried away in it by a crew of thirteen cats. The passage from Corsica to Egypt and back is made in one night. When they have returned, the thirteen cats become thirteen women who go dutifully to mass. The fisherman tells the priest his story and the thirteen women are discovered to be witches or vampires. (J. Filippi in *Revue des traditions populaires,* IX, 458; Bernoni *Le Strighe,* Leland, *Etruscan and Roman Remains,* p. 218, "The Witches and the Boat.")

Magic fires are employed by "Urganda the Unknown," soothsayer, to protect the ten maidens who sail with her to the realm of King Lisuarte. "The king came down to the shore to see the strange ship and presently he saw come from under the cloth that covered the deck, a dame clad in white holding a golden casket in her hand, the which she opened and took out a lighted candle and threw it into the sea where it was extinguished. At once the two great fires were quenched so that no trace of them remained burning and cast a light along the shore. Then was the cloth, which covered the galley, withdrawn and they saw how it was all hung with green boughs and strewed with roses and flowers, and they heard instruments within, sounding very sweetly, and when the instruments ceased ten damsels came forth all richly garmented, with garlands on their heads and wands of gold in their hands, and before them was the lady who had quenched the candle in the sea." (*Amadis of Gaul,* ed. Southey, Chap. XVIII.)

Folklore and folk literature are rich with the stories of magic self-impelled ships, and in many cases the mystic formula is recited. Thus the Hindus say, "Boat of Hajol, Oars of Mompaban, take me to ...." (Lal Behari Day, *Folk Tales of Bengal,* p. 68.) A Russian

boat moves at the word "Canoe, canoe, float a little farther." (Ralsten, *Russian Folk Tales,* 193.)

A Greenland wizard sent his boat even through the air by reciting a magic lay. Unfortunately, he once forgot his lines while the boat was in the air, and it fell and was ruined. (Rink, *Tales and Traditions of the Esquimaux.*)

Often the boat is subject to the charm by whomsoever repeated. Thus it was said of the boat of the magician Mishosha who lived on an Island in Lake Superior that his boat moved when slapped with the hand if the words "N'Chemaun Poll" were repeated. But any but the magician must be alert and awake, or the canoe would return to its master. (Schoolcraft, *Algic Researches.*)

An Icelandic story recites that often in times of calm one hears the moaning of vessels beached upon the sand. This moaning is their language, but it is not within the power of every one to understand it. A man once heard one vessel say to the others that they would never be there again together because upon the day following, in spite of bad weather, her master would put to sea. The second vessel said that she would not go unless the devil himself had a hand in it. The following morning the weather was menacing. The master came down to the sea and said to his crew, "All right, let us launch the vessel *au nom de Jesus.*" This was his favorite exclamation.

The crew put their shoulders to the vessel without being able to move her, and others came to their aid without better success.

Then the master cried out at the top of his voice, "All right, then, forward, *au nom du diable.*" The vessel then slid rapidly into the water. The men went aboard and away to the fishing grounds, but since that time they have never been heard of. (Sébillot, *Le Folk-Lore des Pecheurs,* p. 367.)

Belief in the appearance of devils at sea is preserved in many ecclesiastic narratives. Among the extraordinary happenings of the life of St. Gildas is his navigation in the company of four demons in the guise of monks, who suddenly disappeared with their demon ship, leaving the abbé alone in mid sea "debout sur un des coins de son manteau, l'autre coin attaché au bout de son bourdon pour lui servir de voile." (Voileau, *Pèlerinages du Morbihan,* p. 259.) So the devil appeared to the companions of Natalie in the form of a sailor on a phantom ship and gave them evil counsel to cause them to be lost at sea. (*Golden Legend,* II, p. 379.) And St. Maxime being at the seashore one day was accosted by the devil who showed him a ship in the harbor. Two sailors told him they came to trade,

said they knew him and that he was wanted in Jerusalem where they were going. The saint, however, saw the snare, made the sign of the cross and defied the fiends, whereupon the ship disappeared. (Collin, *Traité du signe de la Croix,* p. 193.)

In keeping with the character of charmed and cursed boats and particularly the plague ships of Europe is the "disease boat" of Asiatic waters. Orthodox Jew, Hindu and Malay, have stated times when sins or diseases are cast into the sea or running rivers, there to return to the devils to whom they belong or to be borne away from the land of the living. In Selangor in the Malay Archipelago, small ships are built to carry away diseases which are "shanghaied" aboard them by magic. These vessels are models of a sort of two-masted junk called *lanchang,* having galleries fore and aft and armed with cannon, such as are used by Malay rajas on the Sumatran coast. These boats are often stained with turmeric or saffron, yellow being a royal color acceptable to devils. The *lanchang* is loaded with offerings and made fast near the shore. The patient to be cured is then brought to the water's side, and a yellow thread made fast to his wrist and the ship. Incense and incantations are then employed to drive the disease from his body aboard the boat, which is set adrift at low tide to go to "another country." (Skeat, *Malay Magic,* 433.)

"And never return hither,
But if you return hither,
Ye shall be consumed by the curse,
At sea ye shall get no drink,
Ashore ye shall get no food
But gape in vain about the world."

It is reported that a *lanchang* of large size was built for the illness of Tungku 'Chuk, eldest daughter of a reigning sultan, and was towed to sea by a government launch.

In Ceram when a village is infected a small ship is filled with rice, tobacco and eggs and sail set. Then is repeated the formula:

"O, all ye sickness, ye small poxes, ague, measles, who have visited us so long and wasted us so sorely, but who now cease to plague us, we have made ready this ship for you. And we have furnished you with provender sufficient for the voyage. Ye shall have no lack of food, nor of betel nuts, nor of areca nuts, nor of tobacco. Depart and sail away from us directly. Never come near us again, but go to a land which is far from here. Let all the tides and winds waft you on speedily thither, and so convoy you that for

the time to come, we may live sound and well and that we may never see the sun rise on you again." (Valentyn, *Oud en nieuw Oost-Indien,* III, 14.)

In Timor-laut sickness is driven away by setting adrift a small proa containing provisions and the image of a man, with the words: "O sickness, go from here. Turn back. What do you do in this poor land?" Three days a pig is sacrificed as an offering. If the proa strands anywhere sickness will follow. It is, therefore, the custom to burn any stranded proa as the demons of disease are afraid of fire. In Buro, patients are beaten with boughs which are then towed to sea on a proa. (Frazer, *The Golden Bough,* III, 98.)

These beliefs readily pave the way for such a legend as that of the Serpent Junk. The idea of these vessels laden with disease and death from some plague-stricken island is one which makes a deep and lasting impression. Undoubtedly also these boats are closely allied to the many boats of the dead encountered in eastern waters. The legend presents graphically the belief in a personal devil or devils actively waging war against mankind and the church, and preserves the elements of that ancient division of the world by which land and sea, wind and cloud were assigned to the dominion of good or evil spirits.

Aside from the classic explanation of the nature-mythologist, there are many natural phenomena which support the belief in "possessed" ships. To sailors unacquainted with currents, the sight of a ship moving against a light breeze, or in the heart of a calm, might well inspire such belief. So the mysterious disappearance of vessels and their destruction by freaks of wind and wave and all the baffling vicissitudes of the sea encourage such fancies. Pest-ridden derelicts, mirages, phantom ships and mist shapes add to the fears of the sailor. The lustral properties of the sea are of such universal acceptance that they must be given equal weight with the theory of foreordination. If the sea holds in solution or suspension all the unhappy dead and all the sins and diseases committed to it, we have a ready key to many of its uncanny attributes. Fierce demons, whirlpools, storms, fogs, seaweed, the great condor and eternal night were the terrors which for centuries lurked above the *mare tenebrosum* of the west, and when at last the seven seas give up their secrets the whisperings of those old fables still run on even to the day of steam and steel.

THE STONE BOAT.

THE STONE BOAT.

AT night about the lodge fires the old men tell that many years ago, before the white men came, there lived in a village of the Six Nations, Abeka, a young hunter, who was straight and tall and keen of eye. All of the signs of the forest were to him as spoken words, and he knew all the woodland paths and the trails of the wilderness from the great portages of the north to the great falls. Some said he could talk with the birds and the little creatures of the woods. He knew the ancient songs of his people, and more than one dusky maiden hoped for the sound of his wooing flute. At last his fancy turned toward a girl of his own village, a slim black-haired maiden of his tribe. Before the moon of strawberries had waned their marriage was arranged, and runners hurried away to the neighboring villages with summons to the wedding feast.

The young hunter brought to the hut of his love the soft pelts of the deer and of the beaver. Baskets and blankets, beads and quill embroideries, were gathered in the huts of the related families, and even the dogs of the village scented the coming feast. But even as the runners went forth with the tidings a strange sickness fell upon the girl, and although the priests and doctors beat their drums and said their incantations, and the women wailed and lamented, the promised bride faded suddenly to her death and was buried by the wailing women in a grove beyond the village.

Day after day Abeka went out alone and inconsolable to wander through the forest, or to crouch near the body of his beloved among the silent trees. The old men spoke gravely of his renown as a hunter and sought to arouse his pride and turn his thoughts back onto the bright course of youth, but nothing availed to break the gloom of his despair or lighten the dark current of his musings. Many days, with fasting and prayer, he spent near the body among the trees, and sought to thrust aside the veil which separated him from the one whom he had loved. All of the traditions of his people he turned over in his mind and strove to discover in the winter gloom of the snow-cold forest the beginning of that path which the old men said led from the land of the living to the land of souls.

As he thus sat mourning on a winter night a dark cloud shadow shut out the moonlight and in the moment of half darkness his startled eyes saw the trees about him change their places and silently fade back from before him. The shadow swept away and there in the moonlight, glittering with its carpet of snow, lay a broad path leading away to the south. Taking up his bundle and his bow and arrows he set out eagerly, followed by his faithful dog, along this trail of light. Many a day he tramped on through the snows that now seemed to thin away beneath his feet, and across frozen streams which at last gave away to broken ice and then to living water. Over hills and through great silent valleys he followed the path, now leading into green fields under sunny skies, through the sapling groves fresh with the verdure of summer and alive with the music of birds. Squirrels chattered at him from the boughs, and the red fox slipped across his path, and so he passed out of the stark brilliance of winter into the gardens of spring, and out of spring into the warm fulness of summer. Striding happily along through this verdant land he came to a great grove of beeches and of cedars whose floor was carpeted

with flowers, and he passed quickly through it and up to the crest of the ridge over which the grove ran, and there the path led straight to the door of a rustic lodge. Before it stood an old man with long snow-white hair. His deep-set eyes were as brilliant as the winter stars, and over his shoulders fell a robe of skins and he held a staff in his hand.

Abeka began boldly and eagerly to tell of his long journey, but the old man stopped him. "I expected you," he said, "and have just risen to bid you welcome to my abode. She whom you seek passed here but a short time since, and being fatigued with her journey, rested here. You too, enter my lodge and rest and I will then satisfy your inquiries and give you directions for your journey." The young hunter, who so long had been buoyed up by the earnestness of his quest, felt suddenly the fulness of his hunger and fatigue, and went into the lodge and refreshed himself and lay down upon a couch of boughs. After a deep sleep he arose and came out to find the old man still standing in the doorway.

"You see yonder gulf," he said, "and the wide-spreading plain. Beyond it is the land of souls. You stand upon its border and my lodge is the gate of entrance, but you cannot take your body with you. Leave it here with your bow and arrows, your bundle, and your dog. You shall find them safe upon your return."

He stepped to the youth and laid his withered hand upon him, and suddenly the young man felt a new vigor and lightness and started forward upon the plain. As he went, the birds sang to him, and all the creatures of the woods and of the plain seemed to greet him, and to speak to him, and all the world seemed natural and real except the trees and they, to his astonishment, offered no barrier to his passage, and he seemed to pass right through them. All day he journeyed thus joyously over the grassy plain until he came to the edge of a broad lake. Far out upon

it he saw the shining shores of an island which seemed like a rapturous vision of eternal and happy life thus set apart in the clear waters of the lake. Joyfully he ran to the margin and found there a stout canoe. He was puzzled by its whiteness, and his heart sank as he saw, upon approaching, that the canoe was of stone. But the spell of the old man was still upon him and he confidently grasped the boat and pushed it out into the water and fearlessly jumped into it.

As a mere boy he had learned to handle a canoe, as a youth he had journeyed far in the frail craft of his people, framed with strips of sapling, covered with the clear bark of the birch tree and sealed with pitch. So he confidently balanced himself in his stone boat, seized a stout paddle which lay in the bottom and drove its blade sharply into the waters of the lake. He was charmed by the soft air, the brilliant sunshine and the voices of birds, and could not take his eyes from the sparkling waters in which the boat seemed to hang suspended. Hearing the stroke of a paddle he looked up and saw another canoe approaching. It too was of stone, and as he gazed, his paddle stroke unfinished, the face in the other boat turned toward him and with a rush of joy he recognized the lost one whom he had so long sought. Together, with dashing strokes, they directed their course toward the island in the lake and it seemed to him that now his quest had succeeded no peril of any world could daunt him, but as they approached the island they saw great waves with lofty crests rushing toward them and he cried out in fear lest they be lost. But as they entered the first bubbling foreswell of each wave, the following mass seemed to melt away before them only to disclose the new terror of a following wave. Through the clear water they saw far below heaps of bones, which, the hunter believed must be the bones of those who had failed in this last test of his journey. Others he saw

struggling and sinking through the clear depths, and he noticed that only canoes of little children met no waves in their journey.

At last they reached the white beach of the beautiful island, and, hand in hand, and with their faces shining with joy, they left their canoes and wandered happily along its shores. Abeka knew from the trees and the birds that cold never came to this land; that its people never knew want or sorrow or sickness or starvation, and that it was always a land of joy and of plenty. In a tumult of thankfulness and joy he put his arms about the girl for whom he had so long grieved, and began to tell her of his long journey. A vision of the old man came to his mind and with it the remembrance that he had left his body at the lodge and must return for it. All the joy seemed to have gone from him and his confidence gave way to an uncertainty and bitterness that were almost pain. He slipped to his knees upon the white sand and buried his face in his hands as he heard a voice, as of the Master of Life, saying: "Go back to the land from whence you came, your time has not yet come. The duties for which I made you and which you are to perform are unfinished. Return to your people and accomplish the acts of a good man. You will be the ruler of your tribe for many days. The rules you will observe will be told you by my messenger who keeps the gate. When he surrenders back your body he will tell you what to do. Listen to him and you shall afterward rejoin the spirit which you have followed, but whom you must now leave behind. She is accepted and will be ever here as young and as happy as she was when I first called her from the land of snows."

NOTES ON THE DEATH VOYAGE.

The legend of the stone canoe is the product of the eternal striving of man to push aside the veil which hides the hereafter, to fathom the dark abyss, and explore what a fine poetry has called "the Valley of the Shadow of Death." Dreams, visions, imagination and mythology here contribute to what may be called one of the most important of all mythologic stories, as it truly sets forth the folk answer to the greatest riddle of existence. The nature of the soul, and the place to which it journeys after death have been the food of speculation among all peoples since men first noted the phenomena of nature.

Many of the fundamental myths and dogmas of the world have had their root in the imperfect geography of their day. When man lived a simple life ignorant of the world beyond his few neighbors, when only a few boats ventured on the inland seas and the trail out of the ancestral valley was not yet worn, geography was a mysticism. Who knew what lay beyond the Aryan *meru*? Who dared fathom the Midgard sea, or cross the haunted desert? To the solitary traveler, then as now, the desert and the deep spelled death in its most terrible forms. So in popular lore the sea and the desert became the abode of demons and death.

Many religions and cults look upon the sun as the abode of souls, and the sea the home of the sun into which it sinks at evening and disappears even as the soul after death. It is hidden or concealed. Hades is the unseen, the concealed place (ἀ-ιδής) as is the Norse Hel (Icelandic *helja,* to hide). So we are not surprised to find that the Aryan words for sea, desert and death are from the same root. Thus we have in Anglo-Saxon *mere,* sea, lake; in Persian *meru,* desert; in Latin *mors,* death, from the same root as *murder,* from which we judge that the greater Caspian Sea of Aryan days was the home, the personification of death, just as the desert which that receding sea left to the Persian also continued to be. And so in Egypt the sun set in the vast unexplored desert in the west. There was the land of Apap the immense, personification of the desert, the serpent king who guarded the approach to the halls of Osiris, the sun. Between this land and inhabitable Egypt lay the Nile, which was therefore the river of death. For this reason we find the great Egyptian cities of the dead on the left

or west bank of the river. The death voyage and the ritual of the crossing of this river of death are clearly set out in the so-called Book of the Dead.

The Midgard sea of the Eddas was undoubtedly originally a river, as the sea is a conception not readily grasped by the primitive mind. That river was Jörmungandr, which in the later mythology is described as the great Midgard worm, which lies at the bottom of the Midgard sea. So the Greek Oceanus, originally a river flowing in a circle like the Midgard serpent whose tail continued to grow into his mouth, disappeared in the ocean of later days.

This leads to the general theorem that sea and ocean myths are less ancient than river myths, and indeed many sea-ceremonies of the present day hark back to that ever-flowing character characteristic of the primitive ocean.

The Aryans were a people dwelling inland and when in their migrations they came at last to the western sea, they associated with it those ideas which in their distant home had been associated with some great river. The river of death in India was the Ganges, which still bears seaward the ashes of the faithful. In southern Gaul the Rhone served the same purpose, and Michelet, in his history of France, says that the custom of casting bodies into the Rhone at Nismes, the ancient necropolis, persisted into Christian times.

Notions concerning death and the journey of the dead are almost universally associated with sun myths. Although we need not conclude with Müller that the first man to die was the sun, still it seems that the sun is looked upon as having taken the first soul voyage, and mortals who would pass through the twilight land to the abode of shades must follow the course of the sun across the western river or ocean. In Teutonic mythology we find many rivers and a confusion of ideas as to the death journey. We have the nature myth of Balder's journey on one hand, and of Skirnir, Vindkald, and Helgi on the other. The former crosses the western ocean, while the latter cross the bridge over Gjöll, the death river of the under-world, or merely enter into the tomb mound. This entrance to Hel is in the east, but the road leads from Gjöll's bridge under the earth from the west.

Abeka journeys to the south to find the kingdom of Pawguk, as did the Assinoboines and other inland American peoples, for they sought the land of springtime and of flowers, and saw in the future life not the dismal land of the Vedas and the Eddas, but

a true earthly paradise. Here we find the crossing over robbed of its terrors. Other American tribes however, for example the Cherokees, Chinooks, Itzas of Guatemala, Torres Straits Indians, and Chilian tribes, looked always to the west. So the Fiji Islanders, Mangaians, Solomon Islanders, and New Zealanders also took their last journey to the westward. (Gill, *Myths and Songs of the South Pacific.*)

"Whither depart the souls," asked Père le Jeune of the Iroquois.

"They go to a grand village where departs the sun at night."

"Your country is a great island surrounded by a sea, how are the souls of men and beasts with all their riches to pass over? Does there lie a vessel awaiting them at those shores?"

"Nay, they go on foot, passing lightly over the water."

"But the deep, how walk over that? It is a vast ocean."

"Thou deceivest thyself, there is a place where the lands are united, making a convenient passage for the souls of the dead. It is from the north coast." (*Jesuit Relations.*)

Early mythologies describe an undifferentiated lower world like the Norse Hel, which later with the rise of ethical ideas becomes divided into lands of reward and of punishment. Thus Hel, primarily the whole under-world, was later divided into Hel, the southern land of warmth and peace, and Niflhel, the northern realm of fogs and terror. Still later with the widening of geographic knowledge, arose the legends of the earthly paradise which reflect and embellish the wonder tales of castaways and adventurous travelers.

Variants of our story of the stone canoe are known to many American tribes. They are recounted by Schoolcraft (*Archives of Aboriginal Knowledge,* I, 321), Emerson (*Indian Myths,* p. 175), *Lewis and Clark Expedition* (ed. Allen, I, 175), Bancroft (*Native Races,* III, 518), McLean (*The Indians, Their Manners and Customs,* 179) and others. The Algonkins of Manitoba embody it in the beautiful legend of "Qu'appelle," and the variant known to the Ottawas of Ontario is called "The White Stone Canoe." Moore's Ballad, "The Lake of the Dismal Swamp," preserves a form of the story known to the Powhatan or some other Virginia tribe. The Greek legend of Orpheus and Eurydice is the familiar classical parallel.[1]

[1] "Personne sans doute ne contester à l'origine commune de ces deux légendes, spécialement de celle de Sayadis avec le mythe orphique." (Charency, *L'Orphée américain.* Caen, 1892.)

It is not to the under-world, but to the earthly paradise that Abeka journeys. It seems probable that this story reflects in some measure the Christian ethics of missionaries and explorers by whom the variants have been reported, for as we have noted, the theory of ethical reward and punishment is not a primitive one but is a product of a more advanced culture stage, and America furnishes no exception to this rule. There are many examples of tests apparently ethical among American peoples, but they are in reality only ethical in the restricted sense of primitive tribal ethics, and are usually either tests of valor or taboo, or are purely arbitary.

Thus the Tlingits and Haida say that those who die violent deaths go to an upper country, and those who die from sickness, to a land beyond the border of the earth but on the same level with it; and the Inuit of Alaska believed that suicides, those killed by accident, those who have a happy life, and those who have been generous to the poor and hungry, go after death to a land above, where it is always light and there is neither snow nor ice. To a lower land go those who were unkind to one another, and the unhappy, and their land is all darkness and ice. According to the Eskimo, the drowned at sea and those killed by bear or walrus, go to *qilaq,* a charming country.

The souls of Zuni children become water-animals in a river and thus find the road of the dead (Cushing in *Annals of the Bureau of American Ethnology,* XIII, 404), and this legend in its stark simplicity serves well to illustrate the place which the river had in so many mythologies and affords a key to many obscure ideas connected with the sea which later usurped the river's place in the primitive mind. Many American myths tell of tests for the soul at the threshold of the next world, which are tests of valor, or mere tolls. Thus the old woman who watches by the bridge over the abyss of the dead-sea tests the souls of Greenland Eskimo with a burning feather. If they faint they are lost. (*Nachrichten von Grönland aus dem Tagebuch P. Egedes,* p. 104.) And a malicious old woman exacts tolls of the souls of the Araucanians of Chili. (Molina, *History of Chili,* II, 81.) We are reminded of Modgudr, the maiden who keeps Gjöll's bridge. As Odhinn, the God of pagan times, became a demon of Christian days, so the shield-maidens were transformed into cloud-riding witches who appear at sea on egg-shells, or in sieves, and wreck ships.

The Hidatsa dead are believed to cross to the other world on a narrow footway over a rushing river. Good hunters and brave

warriors pass readily over, while worthless Indians fall off and are lost. (*Lewis and Clark Expedition,* ed. Allen, I, 280.) Similarly, Hurons and Iroquois told the earliest missionaries that after death the soul must cross a deep and swift river on a bridge formed by a slender tree defended by a dog. (*Jesuit Relations,* p. 105.) The Tlingit say this river is formed of the tears of women weeping for their dead.

So Valhal was primarily only for those who by their valor in battle had won the notice of the Valkyries, the choosers of the slain. Moreover this view of fate in the next world is quite consonant with tribal experience. If we agree with many folk-psychologists that death is looked upon by primitive man as a result of witchcraft or accident, then the trials of the soul must begin at the very threshold of the next world, and surely only the sturdy warrior and wise counsellor con be expected to pass safely through all the encompassing trials of the land of the happy. It must be admitted however, in favor of the non-ethical hypothesis, that the early form of the theory of soul-migration has undoubtedly a materialism which intimately connects the spirit with the body, and so makes the test of fitness for the next world purely physical. Thus, if the rites of the dead are neglected, they will be rejected. If the material body is neglected, dismembered, the nails not pared, and the body made whole and clean, surrounded by offerings, the soul will be refused by the weighers of souls. But even if the body fulfils these requirements, there are other tests which are to be applied, and these are truly ethical and stand side by side with the physical tests. Valhal is closed to the wicked warrior, though he die a warrior's death. And the Brahman, by reason of his learning, is able to cross Ava the lake of the lower world into which others sink. (*Kanshitaki Upanishad.*) In the Vedas the underworld river is named Vaiterani, which means "hard to cross." In the Babylonian Nimrod Epic (Tablet XII, Muss-Arnolt) we find stress laid upon care of the dead.

> "The man whose corpse remains unburied upon the field—
> Thou and I have often seen such a one—
> His spirit does not find rest in Hades."

From respect for the dead to respect and duty to the living kindred is not a great step, but it signifies the birth of altruism.

The natural means of transportation across the death sea or river is by boat, and this not only for the body but also for the soul,

as we find in countries where the material body is burned or interred that the soul must travel to the next world on a soul-boat. The sea or river over which it travels, as well as all the intermediate land lying between the borders of the land of the living and the land of souls, is almost universally in the power of evil spirits and constitutes the elemental hell.[1]

Therefore the evil spirits of this region must be propitiated by payment, or defied by magic and the help of good spirits. The dangers and trials of the twilight land and the sea, river and portal of death, are all symbols of natural dangers and the terrors of the elements. Out of the theory of propitiation and sacrifice grew the offerings with the dead and the dead man's penny with which he may pay the ferryman of souls. So deep-rooted are these ideas that priests of the Eastern church among the Greek islands still place a penny or a waxen cross in the mouth of the deceased to pay "Charos." Almost universally offerings and incantations are deemed indispensable to the safe journey.

Without entering into any discussion of the many myths and legends concerning the visits of mortals, heroes and gods to the lower world, or the earthly paradise, let us look at the data concerning the ship of the dead, or the boat of the soul.

In the Solomon Islands the abode of the dead has been localized as Betindolo on the island of Guadalcavar. In this place the dead come from all the neighboring islands, but the only recorded death-ship is a canoe reported to have carried ghosts from Galaga to Gaeta. (Codrington, *The Melanesians,* p. 256.)

Nearly all Aryan peoples retain in whole or in part customs directly traceable to this belief in the soul-boat. In many cases the actual launching of a boat has been superseded by a symbolic launching through the fire of the funeral pyre. All Norse burials and burnings afloat antedate the Eddas. The ship burial on shore is a relic of actual sea burial, and whenever found points to a former time when the people lived by the shore of sea or river and launched these soul-boats upon the water. Thus the Gothic Varings in the tenth century dwelling inland in the heart of Russia built ships for their dead, in which they were burned on land. An old woman, called the Angel of Death, arranged the garments and offerings of the dead, and killed the slave girl who was to accompany the dead

[1] Cf. contra Reyes, *El Folk-Lore Filipino,* p. 70: "La mar es sagrada y todo el que muera ahogado en ella ira al cielo"; also see Boas, *Central Eskimo,* p. 588.

man. So also the Shokomishes, Chinooks, Flatheads, Mosquitos, the Garrows of Bengal, the Lapps, and many Polynesians bury or burn their dead in boats or canoes.

The Norse myth of the burning voyage of Balder is a nature myth, differing radically from the general Norse psychic theory. Balder is slain by Hoder with a branch of mistletoe. "Then the Aesir took the body of Balder and bore it to the shore. There stood Balder's ship, Hringhorni, which passed for the largest in the world. But they could not launch it, so they called Hyrrokkin (fire smoke) and she set it afloat. Then Balder's body was borne to the funeral pyre, and when his wife Nanna saw it, her heart broke with grief, and she too was laid upon the pyre. Balder's horse was led to the pyre and burned with all its trappings." It appears that Balder rode over Gjöll's bridge on this horse.

Here the ship is merely symbolic, and the journey is rather through fire than over sea, the old significance of the soul-ship being well-nigh forgotten.

Of the burial ship of Scyld we read in Beowulf Saga (386):

"Upon the sea and alone came Sceaff. He came in fashion of a babe, floating on an ark upon the waters, and at his head a sheaf of corn. From him proceeded Scyld. When Scyld grew old and decrepit he would be carried to the seashore. Thither with sad hearts the people bore him, and laid him in the bosom of the war-ship, heaped with treasures and golden ornaments. Richest offerings of jewels and precious things they laid upon his breast. High overhead they set a golden ensign, then unfurled the sail to the wind, and mournfully gave their king and his fair treasure to the deep and solemn sea, to journey no man knew whither."

And in Hakon the Good's Saga, "King Hakon then took the ships belonging to Eirik's sons, which lay on the dry beach and had them all dragged ashore. He placed all who had fallen on his side in a ship which was covered with earth and stones."

In the Yünglinga Saga we read of a burning voyage:

"He then had a skeith which he owned loaded with dead men and weapons. He had it launched on the sea, and the rudder adjusted. He had tarred wood kindled, and a pyre made on the ship. The wind blew toward the sea. Haki was almost dead when he was laid on the pyre. Then the burning ship sailed out to sea."

We have here the four forms of boat burials. The launching upon the sea, with and without fire, and the burial in a boat on shore, with and without fire. With the exception of obscure pas-

sages in the Icelandic Harbardliod, there is no mention of any Teutonic ferryman of souls.

The dead were said to come to the other world by the bridge over Gjöll, the underworld river. Jörmungandr, the old Aryan world river, we have seen transformed into the serpent which lay at the bottom of the Midgard sea. But the soul-voyage was not across this sea in the track of the setting sun, except in those legends closely associated with Balder, but rather by a land journey to Gjöll's bridge, and across it to "the fields of the fountains of the world." The popular statement that those slain in battle were carried at once to Asgard is erroneous as the journey to Hel was common to all the dead.

We have said that the myth of Balder and those stories which tell of actual ship launchings are not strictly in accordance with the Norse theory of the passage of souls. The general theory was that through fire or the tomb the soul passed directly to the underworld. The sun-god, Balder, however, took his death journey in his blazing boat into the west. While it is true that bodies were set adrift to float in the path of Balder there is often some special explanation. Thus Sceaf, who was set adrift, was no common mortal but a man born in Paradise. Sceaf came from Njord's castle in the west, outside which the swans sing. (Gylfaginning, 23.) These swans of Paradise are traceable to the swans of Urd's fountain. Sceaf was the bringer of culture and grain, and is the prototype of the swan-knight of Brabant, born in Paradise, the son of the grail-knight Percival. So also Amadis of Gaul, "flower of knighthood," was set afloat as a babe and picked up at sea. He was called "the child of the sea."

Balder's death voyage in Hringhorni the sun-ship, is the death voyage of the northern summer sun. The sad rites of Balder's bale lived on in Christian times, and have lost their solemnity in the gay festivals of St. John's fires, which throughout Europe celebrate the decline of summer.

About the adventures of Ulysses and the Argonauts have been woven the Greek legends of the sea of death. The Phaeacian ships of the Odyssey are death ships without helmsmen or rudders, rigging or tackle, but they know the thoughts of men. No bark of that mysterious fleet has ever been wrecked or stranded. They carry the souls of the blameless to the gardens of Alcinous.

"No pilots have they, no rudders, no oarsmen, which other ships have, for they, themselves, know the thoughts and minds of

men. The rich fields they know, and the cities among all men, and swiftly pass over the crests of the sea, shrouded in mist and gloom." (Odyssey, VIII, l. 562.) These magic ships bear the souls of the dead to paradise, which is spoken of as Scheria, the land of the Phaeacians. That is the shore (σχερός) where dwelled the people of the twilight (φαίαξ). This land of the Phaeacians, like the land to which Thorkill piloted Gorm, the Wise, was not imagined as an island such as Ogygia, or the paradise of St. Brandan, but simply as a dim land across the sea of death beyond the moon and stars.

The Odyssey is, in the main, a glorification of the life of the sailor, and if we look upon the epic as such a glorification built upon the frame work of earlier myths of the voyage of the sun, we shall not be surprised to find that the heroic voyager of the Greek story wings his way over the azure surfaces of the Ægean to a land of music and of song, of beauty and of light; nor that the hardy hero of the North crosses his icy and tempestuous seas to a rocky and bitter land of ugliness and despair.

The heavenly islands of Fusang and Pangtai are the subject of many fairy tales of China, and the latter is perhaps the fabled Pinghai to which the Emperor Shihwang in 219 B. C. sent his skilful physician Sun-fu in quest of the beverage of immortality. It is variously located as in the eastern sea, and ten thousand *li* to the southwest.

The soul-boat of Japan is the Shorobune, "the boat of the Blessed Ghosts," in which the dead return to their land after the celebration of the Feast of Lanterns, the Bommatsuri, or Bonku, more properly called the Festival of the Dead.

"Upon the third and last night there is a wierdly beautiful ceremony, more touching than that of the Segaki, stranger than Bonodori, that ceremony of farewell. All that the living may do to please the dead has been done; the time allotted by the powers of the unseen worlds to the ghostly visitants is well-nigh past, and their friends must send them all back again.

"Everything has been prepared for them. In each home small boats, made of barley-straw closely woven, have been freighted with supplies of dainty food, with tiny lanterns, and written messages of faith and love.

"Seldom more than a foot in length are these boats, but the dead require little room. And the frail craft are launched on canal, lake, sea, or river, each with a miniature lantern burning at the prow, and incense glowing at the stern. And if the night be fair, they

voyage long. Down all the creeks and rivers and canals these phantom fleets go glimmering to the sea; and all the sea sparkles to the horizon with the lights of the dead, and the sea wind is fragrant with incense." (Lafcadio Hearn, *Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan.*)

These boats bear the name of the deceased and carry hot food for the deceased, and to appease the devils.

On the sixtieth day after death, the Chinese place in a wash-bowl of water half a duck egg holding a miniature duck of bamboo splints and paper, the whole bestrode by a small human figure. (Doolittle, *Social Life of the Chinese,* p. 188.)

In Zuni mythology also it is the duck which finds the lake of the dead. (Cushing, "Zuni Creation Myths" in *Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology,* XIII, 404.)

In the Kalevala it is said that the hero Wainamoinen was rowed to the next world by Tuoni, goddess of death, in a black boat built by Manata, daughter of the king of death.

We have observed that in Teutonic mythology the ideas of the earthly paradise were a natural outgrowth of the Teutonic solar theory and not offshoots or developments from the theory concerning the under-world. The same is true of nearly all myths of the earthly paradise, which we may call a localization of the indefinite heaven of earlier myths. Thus the mountain of which Ulysses tells Dante is beyond the gates where Hercules sets up his sign-post. It is far out in the Atlantic, "*bruna per la distanza,*" in the unpeopled land beyond the sun.

Dante considers it like the Canary Island paradise of Spanish and Portuguese tales in its invisibility to the living (*Quando se busca no se halla*). And it is said that when Portugal ceded to Spain her rights over the Canaries, the treaty included the island of St. Brandan, described as "the island which has not yet been found." (Wright, *The Voyage of St. Brandan.* Pubs. Percy Soc., XIV; Bishop Moran, *Acta Sancti Brendani,* Dublin, 1872.)

St. Brandan's Isle however belongs rather to Irish legend and was not among the Canaries, but somewhere in the sea toward the setting sun from Ireland. The stories of the many attempts to reach this fabled and elusive isle are told in the popular "Imrama" or oversea voyages of Irish legend. Earliest of these is the voyage of Maelduin, which is preserved in manuscript from perhaps the tenth century. (For text see Stokes in *Revue Celtique,* IX.) The voyages of Snegdus, MacRiagla and St. Brandan are not perserved in their original form, but must be followed through the maze of

priestly connotation which has adhered to them. It is not improbable that the pious zeal of Columbus himself was as much stirred by the hope of finding the isle of St. Brandan, as of finding the kingdom of Cathay.

We recall, however, that the church of his day followed Genesis xi. 8, and located the happy land "eastward in Eden." He rejoiced with the church in his vindication of scripture in finding an Eden to the eastward of Asia even though it lay west of Europe. "The saintly theologians were right," he says, "when they fixed the site of the terrestrial paradise in the extreme Orient, because it is a most temperate clime." And again, "I am convinced that there is the terrestrial paradise."

Masefield, a true sailor poet, sings of the city of the sailor's dreams:

"Out beyond the sunset, could I but find the way,
Is a sleepy blue laguna which widens to a bay,
And there's the Blessed City—so the sailors say—
The Golden City of St. Mary.

"It's built of fair marble—white—without a stain,
And in the cool twilight when the sea-winds wane
The bells chime faintly, like a soft, warm rain,
In the Golden City of St. Mary."

While the Irish looked to this fabled isle in the west, their own island and England were in turn looked upon as soul lands in the belief of the Gauls of the Channel, as Heligoland was to the North Germans.

It was said that England was divided by a wall past which no living thing might go. Thus the misty Highlands became in folk-tale the Niflhel of Angelland, thronged with ghosts and venomous things. Procopius relates that in the sixth century the fishermen of the Gallic channel coast were wont to act in turn as ferrymen of souls. The chosen Charon was called to the beach at night where lay vessels empty but deep. The six-day voyage to the isle of souls was made in a night. Names were called and answered from the farther shore, and the awed fisherman returned in his lightened vessel. (Procopius, *Bell. Goth.*, II, 559.) Claudian alludes to the same myth,

"Illic umbrarum tenui stridore volantum
Flebilis auditur questus. Simulacra coloni
Pallida, defunctasque vident migrare figuras."

Since the tenth century little has been added to this belief, save the idea of the wandering soul-ship. The story now runs that at St. Gildas in Brittany the sailors who live near the sea sometimes are waked by three knocks on the door. Then they are importuned to get up and go to the shore where they find black vessels lying sunk into the water up to the gunwales. As soon as they enter them a great white sail hoists itself on the mast, and the boat leaves the shore as by the ebb and flow. It is said that these boats leave the shore with damned souls, and the souls wander until the day of judgment. (E. Souvestre, *Les derniers Bretons.*) Thus under the influence of Christian dogma the gentle soul-ships of the channel have been changed to wandering hell-ships.

The most westerly bay of France is still called the bay of the dead, *La baie des trépassés.*

Saxo Grammaticus recounts the legendary voyage of Jarl Thorkill and Gorm the Wise, who made an Odyssean voyage into the western ocean. Elements in it adapted from the Teutonic and Greek mythology are easily discernible. The geography of the voyages is essentially Norse, while the details of adventure are borrowed from the developed Greek legend. The same may be said of the voyages of Fjallerus and of Hadding to the land beyond the moon and stars.

A well-known legend of the voyage of a hero to the earthly paradise is that of Arthur to Avalon. Like the legend of St. Brandan it is a prized remnant of ancient Celtic lore. Avalon is a localized earthly paradise. The word signifies apple-orchard and reminds us of the tree of golden apples in the garden of the Hesperides. Its identification with Glastonbury, once a vast orchard and formerly a druidic sanctuary, is due to William of Malmesbury writing in 1140 and is without earlier support. Of this paradise we learn much in the Arthurian stories. About it are woven splendid chivalric themes, above it hangs the halo of a lost creed, and upon its shores dwelt the heroes of a defeated race. With fond memory the bards of the west elaborated the sad story of the death of Arthur, of the crossing of the barge of the dead with the body of the king. Through it sounds the pathetic perennial hope that somehow, someday, he will return to his own. We recall Ogygia where Kronos sleeps until the time comes for his awakening. Some accounts describe the boat in which Arthur crossed over as a little barge in which were many fairy ladies and three queens who wailed and shrieked as they beheld his wounds. These women are probably analogous to the

Nornir or Valkyries, the Teutonic choosers and receivers of the slain, as suggested by Keary.

Other accounts of this voyage say that Arthur came to Avalon with the bards Merlin and Taliesin, and guided by Barinte the celtic Charon, *nautonier des âmes.* (La Ville Marqué, *Contes des anciens Bretons,* p. 23.)

The story of Oger the Dane and other adventurous spirits who journeyed to Avalon was a favorite theme of the troubadours.

Passing on to the eastward upon the continent we find that every great river has been sacred as a vehicle and pathway of souls. The Rhine, the Rhone and the Danube all have their legends indicating boat burials at no very remote time. The dead have been committed to the Ganges from time immemorial.

Returning to our Indian wanderer we may well ask why in taking a boat he should take a stone boat. "Stone boat" is in itself an anomalous term, for a boat is intended to float and sustain weight, and stone normally does not float, nor would a boat of stone. There must therefore be some magic power which keeps the boat afloat and enables it to overcome its own nature. Many of these boats are sentient and self-impelled, magic in origin and character, symbolic of the supremacy of the powers of the unseen world.

In the Chippewan story quoted by Bancroft (*Native Races,* III, 518) if the soul is found wanting in its last journey, it sinks in the lake of the dead leaving the soul immersed to the chin to float and struggle forever beholding but not realizing the happiness of the good. This we may consider by virtue of its ethics an altered story. The story of the magic stone boat that traveled up stream recalls the medieval legend that the remains of St. Maternus, Bishop of Treves in the fourth century, were thus carried up the Rhine in a rudderless boat and deposited at Rodenkirchen, and that the body of St. Emmeranus was thus carried from the Isar to the Danube and thence up stream to Ratisbon; and one cannot avoid associating with this also the medieval stories of dead saints floating in stone troughs to the places where God wished them buried (Liebrecht, *Gervasus von Tilbury,* p. 150) and of the stone coffin of Cuthbert.

"For wondrous tale to tell
In his stone coffin forth he rides
A ponderous bark for river tides,
Yet light as gossamer it rides
Downward to Titmouth cell." (Scott, "Marmion," II. 14.)

Natives about Bering Straits say that the first Eskimo came to East Cape in Kayaks from St. Lawrence Island. These were turned to stone, and two large stones are identified with them today. (Nelson, "Eskimo about Bering Straits," in *Rep. Bureau. Am. Ethnology,* XVIII, 578.)

Many stone boats are to be found in Celtic lore. A stone in the chapel of Ladykirk is said to bear the footprints of St. Magnus who crossed Pentland Firth to Caithness upon it. So Conval crossed from Ireland to Scotland in the seventh century on a stone block. This stone, the *Currus Sancti Convalli,* is now on the River Cart near Renfrew, and is said to have been the instrument of miraculous cures. So a rock in Aldham bay is said to be St. Brandan's boat in which he came from Bass. (Rhys, *Celtic Folk-Lore,* II, 73.)

A block of stone on Upalo Island in the Hervey group is pointed out as the great ancestral canoe.

Greenland and Icelandic tales speak of stone canoes in which elves and giants journey. (Rink, *Tales and Traditions of the Eskimaux.*) There is also reference to stone boats in the stories of the origin of the Ubale clan of the Haida.

The Missisagua Indians believed that certain fairies or "little people" had such a boat. "They used to paddle a stone canoe, and when pursued would make for a high bank within which was their home, upon striking which boat and contents disappeared. They were said to be good genii of the huntsmen." (Chamberlain in *Journal of American Folk-Lore,* I, 157.)

We may distinguish from the examples three classes or types of stone boats, namely, soul-boats, migration boats, and magic or fairy craft. This classification, however, appears to be without significance, as all are essentially magic in character. Perhaps in the migration stories from the north we may discern memories of voyages on ice-floes, such as ethnologists have suggested. The ancient and imperishable nature of rock, and the dispersion of implements of the stone age among later peoples naturally leads them to associate the early history of their race with these remains, and to assign such a character to boat-shaped rocks.

The coffin-boats of the saints are not to be confused with other stone soul-boats, as the latter are found among peoples who do not bury their dead in stone coffins. The former are miraculous incidents engrafted upon saintly chronicles, borrowing perhaps the forms of earlier legend.

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